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A WOMAN.

The poet's laurel wreath she does not wear,
Since in her busy life she seldom writes
The poems that she lives; yet on the heights
With native sympathy her soul doth share
The poet's keen delights.

She neither seeks nor gains the world's acclaims,
Though rarest gifts are hers of mind and face:
More proud is she to fill her simple place,
And wear what seem to her the dearest names
That womanhood can grace.

Her joy it is to guard her loved from pain,
To take from them the burdens hard to bear;
To give her days, her nights, her life, to care
For those who, loving her, yet entertain
Their angel unaware.

And more than artist's patience she doth give
To tasks of motherhood, since not alone
High dreams are clothed in color, form or tone;
Wrought from the lives that human beings live
Is highest beauty known.

On such as she the world may not bestow
Its vain applause; far from all vulgar strife
She dwells content, if through her bid'an life,
Her loved, the meaning of the name shall know,
Of mother and of wife.

A BLACK VEIL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," "LORD LYNNE'S CHOICE," "WEAKER THAN A WOMAN," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XV.—[CONTINUED.]

"I THINK," said Lance "the picture does look like you. But you are far more beautiful—more beautiful than any picture."

The softly-spoken words had such a perfect happiness.

"I am glad you think so," I said very faintly.

"I thought so the first moment I saw you. You had done your best to spoil your face with tears, but your eyes were to me as two bright stars, and I said to myself, 'That is the most beautiful girl in the wide world.'"

"I am glad," I said.

And a sigh of unutterable content stirred the clusters of fair hair on the head bent so near me.

I wondered if he had guessed how much at first sight I had loved him.

"What a true Saxon you are, Lance!" I observed presently. "No one would think you were one of those terrible St. Aaspha. They are all so dark; and you—you are like King Olaf of old."

"What do you know of King Olaf?" he asked touching the long ripples of black hair with his hand. "How learned you are Laurie!"

I stole one glance at his face and felt emboldened.

He did not look in the least angry. A little grateful smile curled his lips.

"I know thus much, that King Olaf was a true Northman, with a fair noble head, and a figure like one of the Norsemen of old, tall and stalwart, with broad shoulders and a face such as the painters give to the gods—fair and frank, full of passion and power with wide-open flashing blue eyes——"

Then I stopped, horrified, for I was describing his very self; and I found he was aware of it by the amused smile which deepened in his eyes.

I made bad worse by stammering out, "I—I—do not mean you."

Then the consciousness of having said what was not quite true covered me with confusion.

"Of course not," he said.

"You were drawing a fancy portrait of King Olaf.

"You seem to like those early Saxons, Laurie."

In the depths of my girlish heart I felt that it would never do for me to let him see how much I cared for him, that a man would rather be repelled than attracted by a girl who showed too pronounced a liking for him.

"I think all dark people like fair people best," I said.

"Love of one's opposite seems a law of human nature."

"I should think," he continued, after a time, "that you must have some strange ideas of life, after hearing such a story as your father told you."

"I know there are few like him," I remarked gently.

"Heaven be praised!" I heard him say in a whisper.

I wonder if he knew, even in these early days, how my heart was going out to him? We stood together before my beautiful ancestress, neither of us quite conscious of the dawn of passion, yet feeling that the world was changed for us.

I have lived many years since we stood together before the picture of Lady Laurie, and have drunk deeply of happiness, but no moment has ever been so sweet to me as that in which my heart beat in the dawn of love.

And I remembered, through all the after-events, through troubled years and strange experience, how I had said I should be ready to die for one I loved, and would rather so die than live without love.

* * * * * * *

When the three months which Lady Ullswater had decided should be spent in seclusion were ended, the heavy crape and the black silks were exchanged for the delicate tints of half-mourning.

Her ladyship was quite tired of retirement.

"My dear Lance," she said, "I hope you have invited a pleasant party for the shooting.

"I should like a few minutes' conversation with you before you send out your invitations."

"I have not thought about them yet," said the young Earl; "I was not sure whether you would approve."

"Certainly.

"I think it is high time we did something.

"The girls will be growing dull. By all means send out your invitations, but let me consult with you first."

"I do hope," said Daisy, "that we shall not have all married men. I must say that a shooting-party of married men is one of the most terrible trials under the sun. They are so selfish and, I always think, so stupid."

The Marquis of Ruthlan is neither, I suppose?" said Gladys, with a smile.

"He is not at present; no one can say what he may become," retorted Daisy. "You know, dear, he is not yet a married man."

I knew that beautiful Daisy had looked with gracious eyes on that fashionable young nobleman, the Marquis of Ruthlan, for some months before the Earl's death. He had been most attentive to her; he had met her constantly during the season; he had proclaimed openly that he thought her the prettiest girl in London.

With fair Daisy herself it was not so much a case of love as of intense longing for a title.

She was shrewd enough to know that her money was a far more great source of attraction than herself; but for that she cared little.

Lady Ullswater decreed that the first person to be invited to Yatton was the Marquis of Ruthlan.

"You write to him," Lance she ordered. "Say what you will, but show me the letter before it goes."

"Is there any one else you wish to have invited?" asked the young Earl, with a smile.

"Yes," replied her ladyship majestically. "Of course I expect you to help me in the settlement of your sisters."

"I will do all I can," said the Earl.

"Colonel Trentham, heir to the Earldom of Kelverdale, was very attentive to dear Gladys.

"I cannot tell whether our sad money-disappointment will make any difference to him; but I am afraid it has to the Marquis."

"Nonsense!" cried the Earl. "If it was the money, and not the girls, they wanted, I am glad it has happened."

"Men of the world are supposed to care a great deal about what you call nonsense," said Lady Ullswater.

"I shall be well pleased if they both come, and I shall look upon it as a very good sign."

That evening both the girls seemed more cheerful.

"I am thankful," said Daisy, "that we are emerging from our obscurity at last. Mamma, we must have a new outfit."

"Hush!" said her Ladyship, with a warning look in my direction.

But Daisy laughed, and gave a coquettish toss of the head.

"I do not mind Laurie hearing what I have to say."

"I have no wish to hear anything," I remarked; and Daisy laughed again the little laugh that I was learning to detest.

As a matter of course, her ladyship had her own way.

Lance sent out his invitations, but I think it was just a trifle against his will.

He sought me on the day they were written.

"Laurie," he said, in a half-apologetic tone, "I always feel as though you were mistress of the place. I cannot help it, but you ought to be."

"What, because I am my father's daughter?" I asked.

"That is no reason."

"If you had been a boy, you must have been master," he said, with a laugh.

"Yes; but then I am not a boy, and, what is more, I do not wish to be master."

I was on the point of saying, "I do not want to be mistress;" but I could not pronounce the words.

A sweet shy feeling came over me, a tremulous gleam, as it were of some far-off happiness.

I looked up at Lance, and saw that his handsome face was flushed and his blue eyes were troubled.

"What made you allude to my being mistress here, Lance?" I asked, turning from him, lest he should see the secret that my eyes held when they fell on him.

"I was not sure," he said, "whether you would like the idea of having the place full of visitors so soon after"—he hesitated—"so soon after your father's death."

"I shall not mind it in the least," I then said.

More—I told him I was very glad for his sisters' sake; it would not be so dull for them.

As usual, when any reference, no matter how distant, was made to his sisters' supposed admirers, his face became very much troubled.

I knew that he could not endure even the appearance of having to intrigue for them.

"And, as regards yourself," he said, "are you not pleased at the thought of visitors? You must be dull at times," he added.

I dull where he lived, where I could see him every day, hear him speak, spend an hour with him, walk with him, watch him mount his horse and ride away, sing to him in the evening hours! How could I be dull?

How little he knew that his presence was to me what the sun is to the earth, giving it all its warmth and brightness! Of course he must never know.

"I am not dull; I am always occupied," I answered.

But I did not tell him that my chief occupation was thinking about him.

For by this time I had learned to love my cousin with a love that was my doom. And it was but natural.

My heart yearned for love, and had as yet had no object on which to lavish its affection.

Was it wonderful that, having longed all my life for kind words and caresses, I should value his?

He was kind when every one else was unkind; he had welcomed me when every one else hated me.

Moreover, was he not tall, fair and handsome, with the light of truth shining from his blue eyes? It was no wonder that I loved him.

The fever of love is terrible in its violence and I think no one ever had it worse than I.

I think of myself even now with a passion of pitiful tears.

I wonder the three keen women with whom I lived did not find my secret out.

There seems to me about a great love something pathetic, something pitiful. It makes or mars a life so entirely.

To me, who knew so little of life or the world, it seemed that the one thing to be done was to keep my secret, even the price of my life.

During that brief sweet summer, while shut up from all the world, I learned my lesson.

I marvel now that Lance did not read my secret sooner. I marvel too at my own self-control.

When he spoke to me, all my pulses thrilled.

I never thought of any one or anything else then.

My old school-friends, my dead father, my living mother, were all for the time forgotten.

There seemed to me only two places in the world—where he was and where he was not.

I waited sometimes two or three hours in the grounds to see him pass by, rewarded if he raised his hat and bent his head to salute me; and I was happy enough if, at the close of a long day spent in thinking of him, he asked me to read to him or sing to him. That was my delight.

I had a talent for music; and people said I had a brilliant voice—low, clear, and sweet as the chiming of bells.

I sang to him the grand old Border melodies, where the heroes were to me pictures of himself; the sweet old English ballads that have in them the true ring of passion; love-laden Italian melodies.

But he would sit and listen to me, not dreaming that it was of him and to him that I sang.

More than once I saw the tears in his bonnie blue eyes, but he did not dream of a love that was deep enough to be the light of a man's life.

* * * * * * *

It was a fine warm evening, and Yatton had a very pleasant look in its autumn garb.

The flowers and leaves showed every shade of coloring—indeed the picture was almost dazzling with the variety of crimson and brown, of green and gold.

On this evening all our guests were expected, and on the morrow the shooting would begin.

Stately Gladys and fair Daisy retired early to dress.

At the very last moment Daisy sent for me.

If she did not like me, she had great faith in my judgment and taste.

"Come and advise me, Laurie," she said. "Which of these two dresses will suit me best?"

One was a fair white silk with soft clouds of fine white lace and trimmings of pale blue hyacinths; the other was of pale blue, with white lilies.

"I want to look my best," she said, "since the Marquis is coming."

"I should wear the white, with the blue hyacinths," I told her.

"I will take your advice," she said.

She was too happy just then to treat me with her customary *hauteur* and indifference, too delighted at the thought of seeing the Marquis again.

Daisy Ullswater looked very beautiful in her fairy-like dress, with blue hyacinths in her bright golden hair, a delicate flush on her dainty face, a string of pearls round her fair neck.

"Laurie," she said anxiously, "do you not think I should make an ideal Marchioness?"

"Yes," I replied, and was glad to be able to do so, since it pleased her.

I may mention here that, when we all assembled in the drawing-room before dinner, I found Lady Ullswater looking magnificent in purple velvet and point d'Alencon, while Gladys wore a dress of pale amber covered with fine black lace, and no ornaments save two magnificent Marechal Niel roses—a dress that suited her brunette beauty to perfection.

I was thinking bitterly that no one had thought of my dress, or how I should look, or cared about me, when my maid brought me a little note and a superb bouquet. Oh, when did Lance ever forget me, or was anything but kind and thoughtful?

"My dear Laurie," the note ran—I have it by me now, yellow with age and worn with kisses—"I send you these flowers for to-night. You must wear no jewelry, no ribbons, nothing to mar their beauty—or your own."

The flowers were pomegranate-blossoms.

"Oh, my lady," cried my maid, "these, with your black lace dress, will be very superb!"

This dress was a favorite of mine. It was made of the finest Spanish lace, and was of most beautiful design.

I was always delighted with the effect of it.

My arms and neck shone marble-white through it, and the crimson pomegranate-blossoms lay like glowing rubies in my hair.

As I passed along the great corridor, on my way to the drawing-room, a footman met me.

Lord St. Asaph would be much obliged if I would go to the library for five minutes he said; he would not detain me.

I went at once and found Lance, with a smile, waiting for me.

"Do forgive me, Laurie," he said, "for sending for you. I wanted so much to see you just for a few minutes alone. Come in dear."

He took my hand, and drew me in, then closed the door. He looked at me for some moments in silence, holding me at arm's length.

"A dream of beautiful coloring," he said—"a perfect picture! I wanted to see how you looked, Laurie. My sisters are positively resplendent."

"Are you pleased with me?" I asked.

"Pleased? I am dazzled! I drove twenty miles to get these pomegranate-blossoms for you, Laurie."

He rearranged the lovely blossoms. He had never been so kind, so loving to me before.

"I did not forget you, Laurie," he said. "I knew my sisters were coming out 'in style,' and I wondered what you would wear. You will outshine them.

"What a superb dress this is! What exquisite lace!

"And these blossoms, how well they suit you!

"Mine was a happy thought."

His eyes seemed to transfix me. My heart beat fast, and I could feel a hot flush burning my face. If he should see—if he should guess!

"Laurie," he said gently, "I rode, as I have told you, twenty miles for those pomegranate-blossoms. I ought not to tell you but I want a reward."

"A reward?" I said. "Why, you have everything in the world you can want, Lance!"

"No, not quite everything," he said. "I want something that only you can give me; and you must give it to me voluntarily."

"That I will!" I cried, delighted to have anything to do for him.

"I want a kiss for them, Laurie."

"What an extraordinary request!" I cried.

"Not at all," he replied.

"How can you say so, Laurie? I am your cousin, and affection between cousins is only proper; and I am your brother by adoption.

"Besides——"

Then he stopped abruptly. Ah me, I must not let him see!

I must hide the gladness shining in my eyes; I must calm the quick beating of my heart, hide the passionate flush rising to my face.

He must not see it, or he would know how dearly I loved him.

"Not unless you like, Laurie," he said gently, noticing my hesitation.

I longed to tell him that was not the reason.

I did like.

"Surely," he added, "I have not vexed you?"

"Oh, no!" I answered.

"It is not that."

"Not that?" he repeated. "What then, Laurie? You are shy, and I must take the initiative?

"Gladly, dear!"

He raised my burning face to his own. For one half moment he looked curiously at the drooping eyes and flushed face then he kissed my lips.

I dared not wait to speak to him.

That was the second kiss he had given me, and it had awakened my girlish soul to the glowing passionate life of womanhood, never more to return to the innocence of childhood.

I hastened through the corridor, my face burning, my heart beating with delight. Just before I reached the drawing-room door, I met stately Gladys in her dress of pale amber.

She stopped suddenly.

"What have you been doing, Laurie?" she asked, looking at me with surprise.

"Nothing," I answered, growing more deeply crimson and trying to pass.

But Gladys barred my way.

"You must wait a few seconds, at least, Laurie," she said.

"You cannot go into the drawing-room with a face like that.

"You look quite dazed. What have you been doing?"

"Have you never felt dazed by anything Gladys?" I asked.

"No not as you appear to be."

Even as she spoke she heard the footsteps of Lance behind us.

"Lance," cried Miss Ullswater, "I appeal to you!

"Does not Laurie look dazed?"

Ah, if she had known how, when he came up to look at me, my frame trembled! I turned my head away, lest he should guess what had dazed me.

"She will not let you see her," Gladys laughed.

"She appears as though she were intoxicated by a draught of happiness too great to be borne.

"What has she been doing?"

"Impossible to say," replied my cousin. "We shall be late. Stand out of the way, Gladys."

Rather reluctantly Gladys obeyed.

CHAPTER XVI.

I HAD a strange impression, as I entered the room, that I had been the subject of discussion.

I went at once to Lady Ullswater. Many curious eyes followed me.

I was the late Earl's daughter, the heroine of a secret romance; and I could see that every one was more or less interested.

Lady Ullswater, looking very stately, sitting in her favorite lounging-chair, talking to a lady by her side.

Her face darkened as I drew near to her.

She knew that she must introduce me to the guests, yet I could see that she disliked doing so.

Lady Goodwood to whom I was slightly known, greeted me kindly.

Something was said about Gladys and Daisy.

"It is like having three daughters, Lady Ullswater," her ladyship observed.

But my aunt replied acidly that it was nothing of the kind; whereupon Lady Goodwood looked grave, and said no more.

I laughed to myself. I was in the mood for anything now, since Lance had found me so fair.

In the recess of one of the large windows I saw the sheen of bright golden hair, the folds of a white dress, and the gleam of blue hyacinths; Daisy and the Marquis had evidently met again.

I looked at him with some curiosity. He was tall and slender, with narrow shoulders.

His face was weak, but handsome, clear red and white, with eyes of turquoise blue and a long drooping moustache.

Later on I found that he looked upon the whole creation as intended to meet the requirements of the Marquis of Ruthlan. He seemed pleased to be with Daisy, who devoted herself to him.

My introduction to the Marquis was of the briefest.

He looked at me through his eye-glass, bowed, murmured something that sounded like "pleasure," then subsided.

Daisy was coldness itself; evidently she did not intend me to see much of the Marquis.

Colonel Trentham was a very different man.

He was tall, dark, and erect, with a fine patrician face; but there was something I did not like in his eyes.

He had more to say to me than the Marquis.

I felt at once that he liked me.

There were several other guests present—Sir Colin Gregor, a great friend of Lance's, Mr. Manners, Captain Phillips, Lady Mary Needham, and Miss Cole.

I saw and heard them as one sees and hears in a dream. The young Earl's fair head towered above the others, and my eyes followed him.

Stately Gladys' showed no desire to attract the Colonel.

She received his attentions much as a queen might receive the homage of a subject.

With some little distress, I soon found that the Colonel's gaze was most frequently fixed upon me.

In proceeding to the dining-room, Lance escorted Lady Mary; the Marquis took Daisy; the Colonel looked at me, and offered his arm to Miss Ullswater; Captain Phillips took Miss Cole; and I fell to the lot of Mr. Manners, whom I soon learned to like very much, because I found he was fond of Lance.

Lady Ullswater followed with Sir Colin, who was a fine, genial, handsome Scotchman, not ill-inclined towards her ladyship.

The whole dinner was spoiled to me from the fact that from where I sat, with Mr. Manners in close attendance upon me, I could not see Lance.

I could talk of him, though, and Mr. Manners must have been flattered by the close attention I paid to his words.

We were to all appearance a merry, genial happy party, although behind some of the chairs stood a very gaunt skeleton. A faint presentiment of evil with regard to Colonel Trentham seized me.

I said to myself, that first time I met him that he was a man who loved money; and I was not far wrong.

Mr. Manners told me story after story of Lance, and they all went to prove that my estimate of him was right.

"He will be a great man some day," said Mr. Manners, with an air of confidence.

I moved aside, so that I could see the face that I had loved hitherto for its beauty. Yes, he was right; there were visible the promise of power and the light of genius.

"Lord St. Asaph can never be a commonplace man," said my companion. "He is original in everything—in his ideas, conversation, thoughts.

"He will strike out a line for himself some day."

In the after-years his words proved true, and Lancelot, Earl of St. Asaph, held the balance of power in Europe in his own capable hands; but that came when the tragedy of my life was ended.

I suddenly found my companion's eyes fixed on me with curious earnestness.

"You have had a strange episode in your life, have you not, Lady Laurie?" he then asked.

"Yes," I answered.

I liked him all the better that he spoke to me openly on the matter, as so few did, for I always had an intense hatred of mystery.

If my father had chosen to make a mystery of his marriage and of my existence, there was no reason why I should imitate him; and I liked Mr. Manners because he spoke quite openly of a subject which every one else seemed to avoid.

I saw Daisy with her quick eyes watching me, a sarcastic smile rippling round her lips.

Evidently she thought I was wasting my time.

I was glad when the dinner ended, and the gentlemen were left to discuss their prospects for the morrow.

They did not remain long. I was amused in watching their *entree*.

The Marquis gave one glance round the room, and then crossed over to the grand pianoforte, where sat a figure in flowing white drapery decked with blue hyacinths. I saw the fair head of Lance as he came in, but I looked away with a beating heart. Surely he would come to me! Lady Ullswater spoke to him, and detained him for a few minutes.

I saw Gladys standing near a *jardiniere*, and I knew she was waiting for the Colonel.

Then the book I held in my hands shook, for I heard the sound of footsteps coming near me.

Of course it was Lance.

"You are very studious," said a voice close to me.

I turned suddedly.

Ah, no, it was not my cousin!

It was Colonel Trentham, and Gladys was alone.

Why did he come to tease me.

"I am not studying; I am amusing myself," I answered.

And I felt inclined to add, "Why do you not go and talk to Gladys, who evidently expects you? — whereas I do not want you."

But one cannot say just what one thinks.

To my distress and consternation, the Colonel took a chair close to me.

"May I ask what book interests you so much, Lady Laurie?" he said.

I was determined not to hold any conversation with him.

I saw the expression on Gladys's face, and I knew instinctively that she was not pleased, that she expected him to go to her, and that she did not approve of what he was doing.

I would not encourage him. I did not even answer his question, but held the book for him to see.

"Browning," he said. "Do you like Browning, Lady Laurie?"

"'Like' is not the word to apply to him;" I answered.

"One either fails to appreciate, and so detests him, or one understands, and almost worships him."

"I belong to the later class," he said laughing.

"And you?"

I felt inclined to give no answer, for, with the quick eyes of love, I saw Lance looking in my direction; and I thought to myself that, if this tiresome man would but go, he would come and talk to me.

"I do not know," I replied impatiently.

If he would not leave me, I was quite determined that I would leave him.

"Do you sing, Lady Laurie?" he asked imperturbably.

"I beg your pardon. Will you excuse me?

"I see Miss Ullswater, and I want to speak to her," I said, hastening away, leaving the question unanswered.

He looked after me, and there were both amusement and determination in his eyes. I went up to Gladys. There was a pallor round her lips that always showed itself when she was angry.

"You have been talking to Colonel Trentham," she said briefly.

"He has been talking to me," I answered, "and that against my will."

"Why against your will?" she asked proudly.

"Because I wanted to talk to some one else," I replied; then, seeing that he had followed me, I waited until he had spoken to Gladys, and immediately afterwards hastened away.

But I did not speak to Lance that night again.

He was busy with his guests. So the day after all, ended sadly for me.

CHAPTER XVII.

TWO days had passed since the arrival of our visitors.

There were times when the Marquis seemed devoted to Daisy, and we all thought he was on the brink of a proposal; there were times again, when he seemed *distrait* and negligent.

Daisy discussed her prospects very openly. She did not pretend that love had anything to do with the matter at all.

It was a question of gaining a title or not.

She would have been pretty sure of the position but for my appearance on the scene.

The Marquis having decided in his own mind that he was wooing a hundred thousand pounds, it was rather disconcerting to find that after all it was but fifty thousand. Then he was weak-minded, vacillating, swayed by every impulse, attracted by every fresh face.

If Daisy had really loved him, she would have been a most miserable girl; loving his coronet only, she was happy enough.

"I am six degrees nearer being Marchioness of Ruthlan this morning than I was yesterday," she said laughingly, to Miss Gladys.

We were all three alone.

We had been writing out invitations for a dance.

"It must not be a regular ball," Lady Ullswater had said, "but an informal entertainment, to give the gentlemen something else to think of besides sport."

Both sisters spoke freely in my presence. They knew their secrets were safe enough, and they had long since lost all constraint before me.

"Why?" asked Gladys.

"Because this morning he asked me to call him 'Plantagenet,'" she answered. "I was amused. He said, 'Do call me "Plantagenet";' and I answered him, 'It is too long—too wearisome to the tongue.' 'Call me "Planty," then' he said; but I told him that I really did not think I could, and he seemed quite perplexed. That is the most hopeful symptom I have seen yet."

Daisy laughed; but stately Gladys kissed her sister gravely.

"If it be for your happiness, I hope you will marry him," she said.

"Oh, happiness is all very well! But I want to be a Marchioness," Daisy declared frankly.

"And your Colonel?

"How is he Gladys?"

The angry light that I knew so well came into Gladys's eyes.

She looked at me.

"I do not think he is 'my Colonel,' Daisy," she answered.

I felt horribly guilty; for the unfortunate fatal truth was that the Colonel had fallen in love with me.

I could not bear him; but that made no difference.

I never gave him the faintest encouragement; I avoided him whenever it was possible; I was abrupt, rude, even discourteous to him.

It was all in vain.

The more I disliked him, the more—as is the nature of man—he loved me.

For some time I hardly dared to admit the fact even to myself; I hardly cared to admit even the evidence of my own senses. It was horrible to be passionately loved by a person I disliked.

Why could he not have been faithful to Gladys, who loved him.

Was the secret of his preference the difference between fifty and a hundred and fifty thousand pounds?

Those were exciting times at Yatton.

Daisy and the Marquis kept us always on the *qui vive*.

Gladys did not look happy.

"I am sure it is the money," said Daisy to me one day. "I know it is very bad taste of me to talk of the matter to you; but that must pass. I am sure it is the money, Laurie; the Colonel loves money. If Gladys were the heiress he once believed her to be, they would be married to-morrow."

Whether it was the money or whether it was myself mattered not: I was miserable—above all, as I saw that Gladys was growing jealous of me and watched me—watched me at times so closely that it was with difficulty I could find five minutes to spend with Lance.

With so many different interests at stake so many dramas being enacted, Yatton was far from dull.

Lady Ullswater, I could see, was very anxious about Daisy.

If ever a mother and daughter played into each other's hands, these two did.

At times both were hopeful of securing their prize, at times both despaired.

I could not see at all how it would end. The Marquis was very cautious, never saying one word that could commit him in any possible way.

"I have done all I can," laughed Daisy one morning.

"He is rather stupid, mamma. I have sung to him, talked to him, danced with him, flirted with him, laughed at him, tried to make jealous, tried to make him sentimental, and have failed in all. Now I shall leave it to fate."

"Perseverance wins the day," said her

ladyship. Nevertheless she felt and looked anxious.

"A failure in anything of this kind is a bad thing for a girl," she added.

And I know Lady Ullswater felt inclined to shake the weak-minded Marquis, who could not decide whether to marry her beautiful daughter or not.

One morning I went into the conservatory, hoping fortune would be kind to me and send Lance that way.

To my distress, Colonel Trentham followed me, and asked me to gather for him a spray of gardenia.

But I declined.

I said I did not like to touch the flowers; they were not mine.

He then commenced to talk to me about wild-flowers, but I had no patience to answer him; then he broke out into complaint.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Teacher and Pupil.

BY GEORGE ARNOLD.

WHEN Matilda Louis first took her seat as mistress of the village school she was just seventeen—tall, slim, and beautiful.

She had been educated at a select boarding-school, and her dreams of the future had included three years on the Continent to finish her education. This dream would now never be realized. Misfortune had fallen upon her.

Her mother and father were both dead, and the wealth the latter had seemed possessed of had vanished like a bubble.

In the face of this fact Uncle Ben, who kindly betook himself to the town to "see after Matilda," had suggested that she had "better teach school," and having some influence in the village had procured the vacant place for his niece.

She, poor girl, had taken it thankfully, the only other alternative being that of becoming a sort of unpaid upper servant in her uncle's family.

And now, at the beginning of autumn, she arose, tall and slim in her black dress, upon the little platform on which the desk stood, and looked down upon the grinning, chattering, rampant mob of boys and girls with a feeling akin to that of terror.

She had never seen such children as these before.

They were no more like the orderly, polite class of girls who had gently taken their places before Madame Y. every morning than so many monkeys would have been.

Vainly she tried to collect her thoughts, to remember any method she had heard of controlling unruly youth.

It occurred to her that one very lively scholar, Miss Smith, having giggled during the French hour, the teacher, Monsieur Lamoroux, had brought his fist down on the table, and cried, "Silence!" and every girl had trembled.

Thereupon she seized the ruler, struck with it upon the table, and screamed, "Silence!" as nearly in Monsieur's style as possible.

But, alas! no similar effect followed. Nobody heard her.

The girls whispered, and chewed coffee, and dropped their books upon the floor.

The boys kicked, and whistled, and shouted.

One threw his ball against the wall, and caught it as it rebounded.

One little fellow caught his neighbor by the hair, and shrieks followed.

And one—he was a large boy, taller than she was herself—took aim at the dunce of the school, Peter Beretta, with a small pistol, and peppered him with split peas.

Peter, receiving the shot, howled, and Matilda brought the ruler down upon the desk again.

Peter had been placed under her protection by his grandmother, who had informed her that the boys tormented him.

She determined that this at least should not go on.

She did not know his oppressor's name, but she lifted her voice even above all that din, and cried aloud, "You bad boy! You wicked boy!

"You great cruel creature with the pistol! Stop tormenting that poor little fellow, or leave the school."

There are moments when wild boys are utterly beside themselves.

This moment had come to the young fellow of whom she spoke.

He turned towards the teacher, and stared full into the youthful, terrified, yet determined face.

"Madam," said he, imitating the ringmaster in the last circus that had quartered itself at the village—"madam, behold the only gentleman before you capable of performing the wonderful trick of shooting the ribbon from the head of any lady at the distance of a hundred feet.

"Behold!

"Ha!"

He had pointed the pistol towards a little bow of ribbon perched upon Matilda's thick braids, and now he pulled the trigger.

At this bit of impudence some of the boys set up a shout of delight, but it died away even as it was uttered, for on the instant the teacher uttered a fearful scream, and fell forward upon the floor. The charge of the pistol had entered her eye.

The scholars were all upon their feet in an instant.

Some ran out into the open air screaming for help; some began to cry.

The boy who had done the deed—a great fellow of seventeen, a farmer's son sent to school against his will by a father who had a vast respect for education—ran forward and lifted the senseless girl from the floor. Her face was pale.

The blood poured down her cheek. He could not discover that she breathed. "She is dead!" he gasped.

"She is dead!

"I have killed her!

"I never meant to hurt her. I wouldn't hurt a woman for the world.

"I wanted to make her scream, that's all. How could I think this thing with peas in it could kill anybody?

"Oh, goodness! it can't be.

"I must be asleep and dreaming. It can't be I've killed her!"

"But you have, and they'll hang you.

"And I'm glad, for you deserve it," piped Peter, the dunce. "A-shootin' people as if they was blackbirds!"

"Yes, they'll hang me!" said the boy, with a groan.

Then he laid Matilda softly down in the arms of a motherly girl, who sat close by her on the floor, and rushed out of the school-room.

The people who were rushing in saw him, but took no heed.

They surrounded the prostrate form, and listened to the doctor's verdict.

He, who knew so well the tokens of death—did not think, as the boy did, that Matilda was quite lifeless, but he saw what the boy had not thought of—that the eye was utterly destroyed.

"Better that she should be senseless for awhile," he said.

"At all events, I must keep her unconscious for many hours.

"She will suffer terrible pain. Poor little thing!

"So young and so pretty!

"It is hard!"

Friendly hands lifted Matilda and bore her to her uncle's home.

There she lay for a long while between life and death; and when at last she awakened from a sort of delirium, in which all sorts of visions filled her brain, she fancied that it was night.

Alas! she waited long for the day—Matilda had become blind!

The uninjured eye was affected sympathetically, so the doctor said. It was a matter beyond the reach of science.

Meanwhile there was another great sorrow in a household of the village.

The boy who had injured his teacher had disappeared.

What he had done with himself no one knew.

His mother thought he had committed suicide, and had the woods searched and the pond dragged.

His father believed that he had simply run away from the consequences of his act; and one of them, whatever happened after, the stern farmer declared, "should have been as good a flogging as I dared to give him; and if he comes back before he is of age he shall get it yet."

But he did not return; and the mother wept many tears for her boy, and refused to be comforted.

Meanwhile, though her health improved, Matilda was, as one may imagine, hopelessly cast down.

Useless and helpless she sat at her uncle's fireside and tried to learn to knit stockings. At first she did this in sad silence. At last, now and then, she sang over her work.

The children listened and begged to hear the song over again; and what seemed to Aunt Elvira a sort of miracle now happened. Matilda, hitherto only a pretty singer, with a very ordinary voice, developed wonderful genius for music, and a voice of extraordinary compass; so that when summer came about again, an old German professor, who came to the farmhouse, hearing her, vowed that fame and fortune awaited such a singer, and by his representations interested those who were able to bring this about.

The end of this was that the blind girl was carried away to London to complete her studies, and prepare for a public appearance, leaving Uncle Eben and his wife in a state of thankful astonishment perfectly indescribable.

The girl herself was no longer unhappy. It appears to those of us who have our sight that blindness is the one affliction impossible to bear; but the blind are seldom melancholy, and Matilda now lived in a world of beautiful dreams.

Her whole soul gave itself to music, and there were kind hands always ready to lead and assist her.

She was still beautiful, her closed lids only made her resemble one who slept; and her youth and affliction touched the gentle, warm, and friendly hearts of those about her.

She became at last actually happy; her studies advanced her rapidly.

She saw before her the prospect of a brilliant debut; and at last experienced its triumphs.

As Matilda Louis she succeeded in London and sang in every great city in Europe. The fame and fortune her German patron had prophesied were realized.

Ten years had passed since that one fatal day on which Matilda had been a schoolteacher.

She was now twenty-seven years old; her figure had developed, her complexion was finer, her manner more elegant. She was in Germany.

The Baron Von Adelsberg had entertained a few guests, and amongst them was numbered the English prima donna. Often had she sung, and loud had been the applause.

And now she rested upon the balcony; a soft breeze blew towards her the perfume of the roses in the garden.

She felt the sweet warmth of the summer air.

She knew that the moonlight was shining, though she could not see it.

A tender melancholy possessed her soul, and at this moment the Baron's voice addressed her.

"Miss Louis," he said, "allow me to present a countryman of your own—Mr. Harland—who is very anxious to know you."

Matilda arose, and held out her hand with a smile.

Another hand received it.

As they met, a thrill ran through the girl's frame; she experienced a sensation never to be forgotten.

This touch was like that of no other hand to her.

For the rest of the evening the Englishman never left her, and they talked together as only those of one land who meet far from its shores can talk to each other.

It was his arm that, at the close of the evening, conducted her to her carriage.

And how gently and tenderly he led her!—how softly he wrapped her shawl about her!

"Blind!" he said, softly, to himself. "Ah, well, one would only love her the better for that—cherish her the more—be more tender to her!"

The love Matilda thought could never be hers had come to her.

She knew it soon.

The hand that felt as no other hand could soon touched hers often.

A voice sweeter to her than all her music whispered words of tenderness in her ear. Fred Harland made no secret of his passion—and Matilda was too artless to feign indifference.

Those about her spoke well of the young man, who had made his fortune amongst them.

"One of your successful countrymen," remarked the old German, who in these days had returned to his native land. "I like him."

And so the day came when Fred, taking both Matilda's little hands, held them in his own, and told her, simply and honestly, that he loved her, and asked her "if she loved him well enough to be his wife."

"I love you; but, ah! do you remember I am blind?" she murmured.

And his answer was, "I think it is why I love you sometimes."

Then suddenly he knelt down at her feet, and hid his face on her shoulder.

"Matilda," he whispered, "I have vowed to myself that I will never deceive you. I have a confession to make.

"It may turn your heart from me; but strive to think the best of me.

"It is hard to risk your love, but you must know why I left my native country.

"I committed a crime, Matilda—I am a murderer!"

"A murderer!" whispered Matilda. "Ah! I understand.

"You fought a duel?"

"No," sighed her lover; "I have no such fine story to tell.

"It happened ten years ago.

"I was seventeen then; sent to the village school—in what I thought my manhood—to be taught by a girl.

"I had refused to go to school, and my father threatened to flog me. Consequently I resolved to be turned out.

"I headed a sort of mutiny, and when the teacher—a slim girl, no older than I—ordered me to behave myself, I pointed a pistol, loaded with split peas, at her.

"Heaven knows I meant nothing but impudence.

"I had no thought of harming her.

"But a more dangerous load than I knew must have been in the pistol, for I killed her!

"My grief was intense, my terror also.

"As soon as I knew she was dead, I betook myself to flight.

"A vessel sailed from a neighboring port that day.

"It was short of hands, and they took me. Oh! how happy I was—how remorseful! However, I prospered better than I deserved.

"An old German merchant took a fancy to me, and on reaching the German port to which we were bound, gave me a position in his establishment.

"My knowledge of English was valuable. I kept his favor, and he advanced me. In two years' time I wrote to my mother. Before it reached her she was dead. My father was stern, and I did not care to return to him.

"So here I remain; but I vow to you, Matilda, that I would give up all my success and become a homeless wanderer, could I be rid of that bitter thought, that I so wantonly ended the life of a human being. I can see her still, as she stood before me. I can hear her shriek as she dropped dead upon the floor.

"Now, Matilda, do you take your love from me, or will you pity and love me still, knowing that I am a murderer?"

For answer, the gentle hands stole softly over his hair and down upon his neck. He felt them tremble.

"Did you ever guess that it might have been that that girl did not die?" whispered Matilda.

"Remember, dear, that I am very happy now, and that though I hated you for a long while, I love you now.

"That poor little teacher at the village was I, Fred.

"Oh, how strange that I should come to love that terrible boy who always seemed to me a demon!"

But she did love him, and he loved her; and they were married.

Now, many years after, they live in that ancient village where they first met; and though Matilda never regained her sight, she used to declare she had gained what was equally valuable—the love of a really noble man.

Bric-a-Brac.

HUNTING IN INDIA.—One of the most exciting sports in Bombay is hunting the peacock, which is found in great numbers in the jungles. Peacocks' eggs form a staple article of commerce in India. Curiosity enough, the natives have an old proverb which they quote to peacock-hunters—"When you see the peacock, look out for the tiger;" for they declare that these two beings live in perfect harmony together.

TEN MINUTES PER DAY.—Longfellow's beautiful translation of Dante grew almost as silently and as unseen as does the coral-roof. It was his habit to work on this translation, at a standing-desk, during the boiling of his coffee-kettle. As soon as the kettle hissed, the manuscript was laid aside not to be touched again till the following morning. In this way, ten minutes a day only being devoted to the translation, the grand work grew to its completion.

A LOCK AND KEY FOR A FLEA.—In 1578 Mark Scaliot, a smith of London, made "for exhibition and trial of skill, one lock of iron steel and brass, all of which, together with a pipe-key to it, weighed but one grain of gold." He also made a chain of gold, consisting of forty-three links, and having fastened to this the before mentioned lock and key, he put the chain about the neck of a flea, which drew them all with ease. All together—lock and key, chain and flea—weighed only one grain and a half.

WHIPPING STUDENTS.—The whipping of students in Harvard College prevailed until 1734, and the instructors were privileged to box the ears of offending once for several years after. Corporal punishment was succeeded by a peculiar and extensive system of fines. Absence from prayers was punished by a fine of 2d.; absence from public worship by a fine of 9d.; tardiness, 2d.; for going to church before the ringing of the bell, 6d.; for "profane cursing" a fine of 2s. 6d. was imposed; for graduates playing cards, 5s.; for under-graduates playing cards, 2s. 6d.; lieing, 1s. 6d.; going on top of the college, 1s. 6d.; sending for beer, 6d.; fetching beer, 1s. 6d.; for going into the college yard without the proper garb, 6d.

THE MIDDLE AGE.—In the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries elegance had scarcely any existence, and even cleanliness was hardly considered as laudable. The use of linen was not known, and the most delicate of the fair sex wore woolen undergarments. In Paris they had meat only three times a week; and about twenty-five dollars was a large portion for a young lady. The better sort of citizens used splinters of wood and rags dipped in oil instead of candles, which in those days were a rarity hardly to be met with. Wine was only to be had at the shops of the apothecaries, where it was sold as a cordial; and to ride in a two wheeled cart along the dirty, rugged streets was reckoned a grandeur of so enviable a nature that Philip the Fair prohibited the wives of citizens from enjoying it.

FAMOUS SMOKERS.—Robert Hall is said to have preached his most eloquent sermons after smoking a pipe in his vestry; the same with Dr. Parr, who sometimes smoked twenty pipes in one evening, and "never wrote well except under the inspiration of tobacco." Thomas Hobbes, the philosopher, retired to his study every day after his dinner, and had his candle and ten or twelve pipes of tobacco laid by him; then, shutting his door, he fell to smoking, thinking and writing for several hours, and although such an excessive smoker he lived to the old age of ninety-and-two. All know how the great Sir Isaac Newton smoked. Thomas Carlyle smoked, as does Tennyson and many other eminent men. Campbell, Byron, and Lord Eldon were moderate smokers. Walter Scott was a great smoker; so was Lord Palmerston.

GREATNESS AND TALK.—Washington it is said never made a speech. In the zenith of his fame he attempted it, failed, and gave it up confused and abashed. In framing the Constitution of the United States, the labor entirely was performed in Committee of the Whole of which Washington was the chairman. The convention, however, acknowledged the master spirit, and historians affirm that, had it not been for his great popularity, and his pronouncing it the best that could be united upon, the constitution would have been rejected by the people. Thomas Jefferson never made a speech. He couldn't do it. Napoleon, whose executive ability is almost without parallel, said that his greatest difficulty was in finding men of deeds rather than words. When asked how he maintained his influence over superiors in age and experience, when commander-in-chief of an army in Italy, he said by reserve. The greatness of man is not measured by the length of his speeches and their number.

WRITERS.—We hardly read of a single authoress during the middle ages. In those days female education was entirely neglected, except in rare instances. If women had talent they were compelled to hide it. No female novelist worthy of the name appeared in England until the reign of George III. The lady who first had the courage to brave public opinion was Frances Burney, the friend of Garrick and Dr. Johnson. Miss Burney remained unmarried until she was almost forty years of age. Romance is then supposed to exercise a less dominant power but she nevertheless, had the imprudence to espouse Monsieur D'Arblay, a French refugee, whose means consisted only of a precarious income. The marriage, however proved a very happy one. The pair did not suffer from poverty; the wife became bread winner; and not very long after her marriage her third novel, "Camilla," was published, by which she is said to have realized over fifteen thousand dollars.

MY OLD HOME.

BY F. J.

I dwell to-night on memories,
  Sweet thoughts of long ago;
Recall the pleasure of the past
  I ne'er again may know;
I see "the light of other days,"
  Now lost in Lethe's stream,
Life's beauties and its sunny rays
  Have faded like a dream.

I see the cot where I was born
  Now crumbled to decay;
The very trees that graced the lawn
  Have almost passed away;
Their aged limbs look old and bare
  And broken by the blast;
Their branches, withered here and there,
  Show nature's prime is p ast.

Time traces mar each happy scene
  I loved in childhood's hours;
I now see age and withered leaves
  Where then bloomed youth and flowers
The home that love endowed with grace
  Now lonely looks and drear,
But though it bears no former trace,
  Is still to memory dear.

TIFF.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A GREAT MISTAKE," "ROSE OF THE WORLD," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XLVII.—[CONTINUED]

As the time drew near for Tiffany's return, Lady Davenant could not conceal her regret at the thought of losing her beautiful young maid of honor, whose sweetness and cheerfulness, as well as her loveliness, had been a great source of happiness to the invalid in her lonely life.

"Dear Lady Davenant," Ninon said to her, with tears in her blue eyes, "if it were not for Tiffany, I would stay with you as long as you wanted me.

"And, as it is, you do not think that I will leave you until you have found some one to replace me?"

"Ah, my child, I shall never do that!" declared her old friend tremulously.

"But Robert and I will do our best to find some nice girl who shall do Ninon's kind offices for me, though not with Ninon's face and Ninon's pretty voice and gentle hands."

The girl's heart was too full for words. It was arranged that Tiffany should go to Barnes and stay with aunt Dorothy and Mary, until Ninon was free to join her, and that in the meanwhile Tiff and Mistress Mary were to search for the tiny house in one of the suburbs which the girls were to share, and which Sarah was to manage for them.

Sir Robert assured his mother gravely that to find such a companion as she needed—one who should not make her feel too keenly her parting with Ninon, would be a work of time.

Ninon declared earnestly that Lady Davenant was the first person to be thought of, and that she would not mind the delay at all.

"And Miss Tiffany must come down and pay us a little visit in the meanwhile," added the young man kindly, "just to keep you from longing, you greedy child, until you get her all to yourself. You must write and tell her so."

Ninon assented at once.

She had been dreaming of visits to the cottage.

Dick, she knew, was again away, and she could have harmed no one by at last accepting aunt Dorothy's invitation.

And perhaps—perhaps then she should see Brian.

The longing for a sight of his face, for the sound of his voice, seemed almost greater than she could bear; but she said to herself bravely that she would wait.

Tiffany could be persuaded to remain only a very short time at Barnes.

After a day or two, she wrote and begged Lady Davenant to let her come at once to her own pretty Ninon.

And Lady Davenant replied by despatching Honora, in Sir Robert's absence, to bring the young lady to Wychfield.

All the sultry August day that was to give Tiffany back to her, never to part again, Ninon was singing about the house and rifling the old gardens for the adornment of the pretty dusky old chambers of the Dower House.

Towards evening she went upstairs and put on one of her white gowns.

How loose it hung about her, she thought, with a little pang of self-pity, as she buttoned it before the long glass. She must make haste to get strong again.

She said to herself that, when Brian had forgiven her, when her heart was at rest again, she would get back her old face—the face that had won his love.

She had gathered a quantity of lovely overblown white roses to fasten in her gown and in her hair.

She wanted to look her very prettiest for Tiff, who had always been so proud of her tall sister.

She liked to see herself all in white, like Gillian Beaufoy.

She wanted to be the old Ninon of the Priory once more.

Brian had said one day that her face had come down to her as an heirloom from poor pretty Gillian, who had died so young; the dates on the great gold frame—1723-1742—came back to her mind as she leaned forward, half smiling at her own image in the dark old mirror, to fasten the white roses in her bosom.

"To die at nineteen!" she thought, a little shudder running over her.

"What a pity!

"Oh, what a pity!"

Some of the petals fell, and dropped upon the dark polished floor at her feet.

"Ninon, Ninon!" said a sweet shrill voice in the gallery outside her door.

The girl started, and all her dreams took wing in a second.

Was it indeed so late, and had her darling arrived without finding her at the gate to meet her?

"Oh, you pretty, pretty white sister!" cried Tiffany, putting her charming auburn head in at the door and uttering a little cry of joy.

"It is my sweet proud Ninon of the old days come back to me; and I have come back to her, never, never, never to leave her any more!"

They clung to each other, laughing and crying together.

Ninon pulled off the girl's hat and gloves, and looked at her hair, her hands, her graceful budding figure, as a mother devours with her eyes the daughter from whom she has been separated for a year, and who has grown to sweetest womanhood while away.

"You are pretty, my little Tiff!" she cried joyfully.

"You are a very pretty girl!

"Did any one ever see such lovely masses of hair?

"And how it waves!

"You must let me brush it out for you.

"And—oh, the white teeth!

"Little coquette!

"You may well laugh to show them—or perhaps it is to show the dimple in your left cheek!

"It has grown deeper than ever since you went away."

Tiffany shook her head, and laughed more joyfully than ever.

"To think that I am home for good!" she cried, squeezing her sister in a great childish hug.

"And have you done very well at school this last year?" Ninon asked anxiously.

Tiffany shook her head with a rueful little smile.

"Only with my music," she said.

"I am afraid I'm a dunce in everything else, Ninon.

"But that won't matter, because you are clever enough for us both."

Ninon was helping her to undress.

"What are you going to put on?" she said, with her pretty maternal air.

"Have you a white muslin gown?

"I have some gloire de Dijon roses for your hair."

She kissed the pretty bare shoulders as Tiffany stood at the glass.

"And how is Mary?" she went on, as she began to arrange her sister's ruddy locks.

"Is there any news about—about her and Dick?"

"Not yet," returned Tiff, nodding from under her loosened hair.

"But aunt Dorothy said I think there soon will be.

"Would you be glad, Ninon?"

"Ah, so glad!" the girl said humbly. "I do not want to be the only happy woman in the world."

They fell to talking about the cottage then, and about the various tiny houses that Mistress Mary had in her mind's eye for them, as soon as Ninon was able to leave Lady Davenant.

Then, when Tiffany's white gown was fastened, and the band of black velvet tied round her throat, and the pale yellow roses fastened in her warm hair, Ninon said hurriedly, as she gave her a last kiss before taking her downstairs—

"And Mr. Beaufoy, Tiff?

"Have you seen him since you came back? Is he in England?"

"No," the girl answered; "but he is coming soon."

As she spoke her eyes fell, and over her face and her throat and her bosom there spread a deep sudden blush. Ninon's heart stood still.

"He told you so?" she asked faintly.

"Yes," Tiffany answered; but she half turned away as she spoke and began to play with something on the dressing-table.

"He told me, when I saw him last in Dusseldorf, that he would be in England in August, and that he should come to the cottage to see aunt Dorothy and Mary."

"And—his little friend Tiffany?" Ninon said, in a strangely quiet voice.

But Tiffany only answered the question with another bright sudden blush.

"Shall we go down now, Ninon?" she said shyly.

"I am quite ready."

"Yes," Ninon answered, in the same quiet voice.

"I will follow you darling, in a few moments."

Tiffany ran off, evidently anxious to hide her burning cheeks, and, as the door closed behind her, Ninon sank back against the wall by which she stood and put her hand suddenly to her heart.

Through the open window the song of a bird floated in.

The fallen rose-leaves lay glimmering whitely on the polished floor before the glass.

* * * * * *

"You are not too tired to talk to me to-night, Tiff?" Ninon said, stealing into her sister's room when they had said good-night to Lady Davenant and delivered her into Honora's hands.

"You don't want to go to sleep just yet?"

"I feel as if I should never want to go to sleep again!" the girl declared, laughing. "I could go to sleep at school. But it seems such a waste of time here.

"Every one is so kind—the world is such a delightful place—I am so happy, so very happy!"

"My dear little Tiff!" her sister said, in a broken whisper, taking her in her arms, and hiding her own haggard face against the beloved little head.

"You must come and sit down," the child said anxiously, as she pulled forward a great easy-chair.

"And you must not tire yourself by sitting up too late."

She made Ninon sit down, and herself knelt down at her side in her night-gown and with her little bare feet.

"I thought you promised me," she went on, with loving reproach, "to get strong and rosy while I was away.

"You looked almost like your old self when I came this evening; but now you are pale again, and your hands are burning hot.

"My pretty Ninon"—the girl put her strong young arms about her in a sudden sharp spasm of terror—"my pretty, pretty Ninon, you must make haste and get well for my sake."

"Yes, darling," Ninon said, pressing the little thing to her wasted bosom; "what is there I would not do for your sake? And—and you will do something for me too, if I ask you; won't you, Tiff?"

"You know I will," Tiff said, rubbing her cheek softly against her sister's.

"Even if it is to answer a question, and tell me the truth about something that I am very anxious to know?"

"I—I don't think I understand," Tiffany said somewhat guiltily.

But Ninon felt the little cheek turn hot against her own, and knew that she was blushing again.

"Dear," she pleaded, "you won't mind my asking you?

"I am your mother now, remember, as well as your sister, and you will tell me—won't you?"—she put her trembling lips close to the shrinking little ear—"you will tell me if you love Mr. Beaufoy."

"Ninon——"

The child hid her face on her neck, and for some moments there was silence between them.

Ninon's tears were falling fast as she stroked the nestling head with her thin hand.

She knew now.

There was no need of any words to tell her.

"And he?" she went on presently, with hardly a tremor in her voice.

"Has he told you, Tiff, that he loves you?"

"Oh, no, no!" the little thing murmured.

"He has never spoken to you at all?"

"No!

"Oh, Ninon"—still hiding her eyes—"is it likely that he should care for me, a poor little girl whom he saved from misery?

"Oh, he is very, very good, and I—I could not help loving him, though I tried! But I know that he will never think of me. He told me once, Ninon, that he had loved one woman more than all the world, but that she had not cared for him.

"Oh, how could she help loving him when he is so good and so true?"

"Perhaps," Ninon answered, in a broken voice, "she did not know how good he was. Perhaps she is sorry for her blindness and her cruelty."

"No," Tiffany answered solemnly; "she cares for some one else.

"He told me so."

"Dear," Ninon said hurriedly, drawing back now to lift the shame-stricken little head and to look into the blushing face, "how came Mr. Beaufoy to tell you this, if—if he has never spoken to you of love?"

"I don't know," Tiffany answered simply. "We used to have long talks together in Dusseldorf, when he came to take me out for a drive; and one day he told me that.

"And then he said that he hoped I would always be his little friend, and that he would come to London in August to see aunt Dorothy and Mary, and—and to see whether I had not forgotten him."

"Dear," Ninon said, taking the little thing again within her wasted arms, "I think that—that there will be no need of the little house we talked about"—she tried to smile with her poor blanched lips—"I think Mr. Beaufoy is going to steal my little Tiff from me."

"Oh, Ninon!"

The girl looked up with an ecstasy of happy wonder in her face.

"Oh, it could never, never be, I am sure! Don't you remember how, long ago, in Ayranches, that night, we made up our minds that he was to fall in love with you?"

"Hush, dear!" Ninon said hoarsely.

"That was long ago, as you say.

"It is of no use recalling those old days, and all our little old jokes together, now."

"Oh, but I was in earnest!" Tiffany urged.

"And, when he came home at last to the Priory, I used to think every day that you would come and tell me you were going to be married to him, and to live happy ever after."

"Tiff," Ninon said hurriedly, standing up, "don't let us talk of all that any more. You see, dear, it—it was not to be.

"I——"

"Ninon!" cried Tiffany, frightened as the girl put out her hand dimly to catch at a chair.

"It is nothing, darling," she said, forcing her lips again into a difficult smile.

"I am a little tired, and it is time for us both to go to bed.

"To-morrow we will talk of this again.

"But now you must go to sleep and be happy."

She stooped and kissed the little sister with a long and sacred kiss.

"Oh, be happy," she said, with a sob in her throat, as the child clung to her—"be very happy, my dear!"

CHAPTER XLVIII.

When Lady Davenant's maid came in early the next morning to bring Miss Masserene her cup of tea, she found her lying in a dead faint upon her bed. Being a sensible and experienced woman, and having in her mind the dread of alarming her mistress, Honora made no disturbance, and contrived without assistance to revive the unconscious girl.

"Ah!" Ninon said, with a long sigh, as she opened her eyes, and saw the anxious woman standing at her side.

"Does he know that I have been to Bingley again with Quentin?"

"You are here with me—with Honora, my dear," said the old servant gently.

"You felt a little faint, I think?"

"Yes," Ninon answered, the wild look in her eyes giving place to one of recognition. "Oh, yes; I thought—I hoped I was going to die!"

"There, there, my dear!" said old Honora, steadily fanning her.

"You are better now."

The windows were thrown wide open, but hardly a breath of air was stirring.

The room was filled with a sharp and pungent odor.

Ninon tried to lift herself on her elbow, but fell back again.

"Don't tell my sister," she said eagerly. "I will get up. Don't tell her; will you, Honora?

Honora promised; and presently, as the girl insisted on getting up, she helped her to dress.

"I don't look as if I had been ill, do I?" Ninon said anxiously.

"Give me a pretty wrapper, you kind old Honora, and tie that crimson ribbon in my hair. There—Tiff will never suspect now."

She put her arms about the old servant's neck and kissed her like a child; and Honora hurried away without a word.

She said nothing to Miss Masserene's sister, who was just going into Ninon's room, and who smiled a good morning as she passed, blooming and fresh from her bath, and with happy roses in her cheeks.

But to her mistress the woman felt it to be her duty to speak of what had happened Sir Robert being still away.

"Miss Ninon is not fit to go out a-teaching my lady," she said quietly. "She wants the best of care.

"And Miss Tiffany will have to know it sooner or later."

And that evening, while Tiffany was playing for them, and while Lady Davenant was wondering in her mind how she could appeal to the little sister and urge her to leave Ninon with her a little longer, her pretty pale maid of honor came and sat down in her favorite place at her feet, and laid her head upon her lap.

"Do you remember," the girl said, "Sir Robert's promising to take us abroad if I stayed with her dearest majesty next winter?"

"Indeed, yes!" the kind woman answered, brightening.

"And that is exactly what I had it in my mind to speak about. I think we both of us need a little change, Ninon.

"And I should never have the courage to attempt to journey without my pretty lady in waiting."

"Let me stay with you a little longer," Ninon said suddenly, in a whisper. "I will try not to be a trouble to you. And—no one else wants me but you."

Without a word Lady Davenant took her in her arms.

Tiffany was playing softly in a happy dream.

Ninon broke into a sob.

"My dear, my dear!" her old friend whispered, pressing the lovely head to her withered cheek.

The girl rested silently in her arms for some minutes; then she said, lifting herself up and forcing her trembling lips into a smile:

"Will you try to persuade Tiff that it will be only for a little time, dear Lady Davenant, and that she must be happy with Mary at the cottage until—until I am quite well again?"

"Yes, my pretty Ninon, yes."

"I have found out a little secret," the girl went on, though her voice trembled more and more.

"I have found out that some one is going to take little Tiff away from me after awhile—that we shall never want the little house that Mistress Mary is looking for.

"Aunt Dorothy will be so glad to have Tiff.

"And she is rich—my poor child! She has her fifty pounds a year."

"Dear, if you would like to have her with us," Lady Davenant said, "little heiress that she is, she could be quite independent—"

"No," Ninon interrupted hurriedly; "she will want to come with me, but she must stay with Mary."

When Sir Robert came back, Ninon took him into her confidence, and he declared that her decision was a very sensible one.

"You have been tiring yourself again," the good fellow said, looking anxiously at her. "You want me at home to look after you."

Between them, Lady Davenant and her son contrived to prepare Tiff for the fresh delay that awaited her.

"It will be better, will it not," Lady Davenant pleaded, "that you should be separated a little longer, and that Ninon should come back to you quite strong again?

"Doctor Williamson thinks she ought to have a warmer climate this winter; her cough is still troublesome."

"Of course I will do whatever is best for her," Tiffany declared piteously; "only if I could go with her, dear Lady Davenant.

"But you see, my child," Lady Davenant answered, remembering the secret at which Ninon had hinted, "you have lessons to begin. You will be working for your sister while she is away gaining strength."

"Yes, that will be delightful!" said Tiff, brightening.

"I will have the house all furnished and ready by the time she comes home. Mary and I will manage it between us."

And so, with happy thoughts of the future, Tiff fell into Ninon's plan.

Mary wrote to say that they would take good care of the little sister for her while she was away, and not let her work her busy fingers too hard.

"I should like to go and see Mary Hawthorn, Ninon said, when the time came for Tiffany to go back to Barnes.

"Dear Lady Davenant, do you think you can spare your maid of honor, for a few days?

"I will go up to town with Tiff, and come back as soon as I have said good-bye to them all."

Sir Robert said that he would himself accompany the two young ladies to Barnes, for fear that dangerous little Mary of whom they had heard so much, should take it into her head to steal Ninon from them, after all.

He would leave her at the cottage for a day or two while he ran down to Cowes to look after *Daphne*, and would come back as soon as the queen-mother's maid of honor sent him a line to say that she was prepared to return to court and resume her duties about the royal person.

"The dear kind royal person!" Ninon said, kissing her queen's hand.

* * * * * *

It was a warm evening late in September that Ninon saw the cottage again.

"Has nothing changed but me?" the girl said to herself sadly, as they drove up to the gate.

Mary Hawthorn's heart almost leaped up into her throat at sight of the girl who was coming towards her through the evening shadows.

It was as though she had seen the ghost of the beautiful, bewildering, capricious Ninon Masserene, whom she had met with Dick two years before among the midsummer roses.

"Oh, mother, mother!" she said, in a whisper, to Mrs. Strong, who had followed her into the hall as Bevis woke up with a bark and announced the arrival of the sisters.

And then in a moment Ninon was in both their arms at once, as it seemed, and was smiling her old pretty smile, and saying how nice it was to be back again, and how happy she meant to be during her little holiday.

Tiffany looked on, proud of her sister's sweetness and beauty, as she clung to aunt Dorothy, as she stooped to put her arms about old Bevis, as she gave her hand and a kind word to Sarah of Laurel Lodge, who came forward eagerly to drop her young lady a curtsey.

"Aunt Dorothy," she declared gaily, "you must give us Sarah when we set up our doll's house—Tiff and I."

She was so bright, so charming, that the old house seemed to be awakened by her presence into a new life.

She was not tired at all, she assured them, by her journey.

She went up-stairs with Tiffany and Miss Hawthorn.

The three young voices sounded happily in the tranquil old rooms.

But, when she was alone with Mary, the girl's smile died away, her vivid flush faded, and left her pale and worn.

"Mary," she said, in a whisper, putting her arms around her friend's neck, "I have come to give Tiff to you.

"Take care of her for me when—I am gone."

* * * * * *

The reconciliation between Ninon and Dick's mother was complete.

The girl had humbly admitted her great wrongs towards her cousin, and begged for aunt Dorothy's forgiveness.

"He is coming back to Mary soon, is he not?" she whispered; and the mother's smile was answer enough.

"I am so glad, so very glad," Ninon said earnestly.

"He will love Mary all the more, dear, for the mistake he once made. And you are all so good to me.

"It will be pleasant, when—when I am away, to know that Dick and Mary are happy at last, and my dearest little Tiff well cared for, and with such bright hopes for the future.

"I shall go back so contentedly now to begin my long journey, thinking of you all—loving you all.

"And you, dear child?" asked aunt Dorothy tenderly.

"When am I to hear some news of your happiness?"

"Oh," Ninon answered, with her bright melancholy smile, "Tiff is my happiness! And—and you won't forget me, when you are all together, dear?

"You will talk of me sometimes when Dick comes back.

"Tell him from me how glad I was in his happiness, and how I never forgot the old days when he was so good to me. Tell him also," she said, smiling again, though she had turned suddenly pale, "that I have kept my word to Tiffany."

* * * * * *

The days passed away very happily. Tiff insisted on Ninon's being driven to see the two or three tiny houses that Mary had discovered in the neighborhood.

One of them had a square yard or two of garden at the back, and an actual tree growing in the middle of the grass-plot.

Tiff declared in favor of the one with the tree.

"You see they call it Willowbank," she said. "It sounds magnificent.

"And, though there is not a bank, there is a willow.

"I think that is going very near nature for sixpence.

"And the parlor can be made to look very pretty, Ninon.

"You will see.

"Bevis approves of it—don't you, you dear old dog?

"And would it dance a *ronde* with its own little Tiff?"

The girl seized the old dog by the fore-paws, and began to dance with him round the famous willow.

Ninon stood and looked at her, with a fond smile in her heavy eyes.

No; she was no longer the neglected child of the Rue des Quatre Œufs, this dear little sister.

She could go away now with a heart at rest about her, and leave her to the happiness that was surely coming.

"You foolish little Tiff!" she said, as the girl came running to put her strong young arms about her, and to say that she had been standing long enough.

"Bevis is shocked at you!

"And what would Mr. Beaufoy say to such schoolgirl tricks?"

The bright blood in Tiffany's cheeks answered her.

The little tuing hung her head and behaved during the drive home with charming sedateness.

Mrs. Strong met them on their return, with letters in her hand.

"There is one for Ninon," she said; "and mine is from Mr. Beaufoy."

Ninon had dropped the letter she had taken, and stooped hurriedly to pick it up.

"He is in England," Mrs. Strong went on, "and to-morrow he will be in London. You will be glad to see your cousin, no doubt, Ninon?

"He has not the least idea that you are here; it will be quite an agreeable surprise for him."

"Yes," Ninon said quietly.

She put out a trembling little hand and caught Mary's arm in a nervous pressure.

Tiffany's cheeks were redder than any damask-rose in Mary's garden.

"My letter is from Lady Davenant," Ninon added, when with unsteady fingers she had opened the envelope.

"I am afraid, dear aunt Dorothy, that my holiday is at an end."

"Ninon!" cried Tiff, in distress, all her happy blushes fading.

"Yes, dear," urged her sister gently, "she has been very good.

"And I—think I ought to go back to her at once."

"Ninon will do what is right, I am sure," said aunt Dorothy.

"She knows how gladly we would keep her, if we could, but——"

The girl kissed her, and went away quickly to her own room.

"Help me, Mary she said to her friend, who had followed her.

"I must go away to-morrow without seeing Brian Beaufoy."

Mary looked at her with tears in her brown eyes.

"Oh, my dear!" she said, taking the trembling girl in her arms.

"It is for Tiffany," Ninon said bravely. "He cared for me once, Mary; but he will forget me after a time, and make her happy.

"And he must not find me here. You will help me, Mary? I—I should like to go alone."

"Alone, dear?"

"Yes—without troubling Sir Robert. Indeed I am quite able to take of myself."

"Oh, Ninon," Mary answered anxiously, "I think you must not do that! Let me go with you."

"No," the girl pleaded, with her pretty melancholy smile, "not even you. I want to be quite—quite alone.

"Let me go, Mary; it is the last thing I shall ever ask of you."

"Until your travels are over," said Mary cheerfully.

"Yes—until my travels are over. You will let me go?

"You can see me into the train; and then I have only to get out at Wychfield and drive to the Dower House."

Mary did not know what to say; but at last she allowed herself to be persuaded.

Tiffany came and crept into her sister's room that night when all the house was still.

"Let me sleep here," she whispered; and Ninon opened her arms and took the little thing into her bed.

"We shall not have time to-morrow to talk to each other," the child said; "and I want to have the last words of all."

"Little Tiff!" Ninon said keenly, straining her to her wasted bosom. "Little, little Tiff!"

They lay and talked in whispers for an hour, while the moonlight crept in at the window and lay in a long tremulous beam across the dusky room.

"Before I go to sleep, Tiff," Ninon said at last pressing her pallid lips to the little head that lay on her arm, "tell me that you are happy."

"So happy," Tiffany murmured, "if it were not for our parting!"

"Ah"—the poor head was lifted with a sob—"that will not be for very long, darling! And—and you will have some one to take care of you.

"Be very good to him, Tiff; and sometime—a long time from now—talk to him of me."

"Ninon!"

"Tell him that I was ungrateful, dear, that I knew at last how good and true he was, and that I blessed him for his goodness to you—to my one little sister.

"Tell him that I gave you to him, Tiff, with my love."

"Dear, you shall tell him to-morrow," Tiffany said, nestling closer to her. "I mean—not about me of course, but——"

"Yes, to-morrow," Ninon echoed; and then she turned her face to hers. "Good-night, Tiff," she said; and she kissed her with a long and sacred kiss.

CHAPTER XLIX.

WHEN Ninon had passed a few stations on her journey to Wychfield, she got out, and allowed the train to go on without her.

"I want to go to Marybridge," she said to a porter.

"How soon will there be a train, and where shall I take my ticket?"

She had made up her mind to go once more to the Priory.

She thought that she could not rest until she had seen the place again, and the picture that had Brian Beaufoy's eyes. No one would know except Mrs. Burney, that she had been there, and it, later, Brian should hear of it, by that time she would be far away.

But there was no peace for her until she had looked upon that face again which he so resembled.

She had an hour to wait at the little roadside station.

But the day was warm and fine; and, protected by her thick veil, she sat quietly watching the people and the trains come and go.

How busy they all seemed—how full of life, and its pleasures and cares and anxieties!

It seemed so strange to be sitting there looking at them, and feeling that she had done with it all henceforth.

It was like sitting by her own grave.

With her hurried parting that morning from Tiffany, she said to herself that her life came to an end.

And now, as she waited in the warm sunshine, and a butterfly or two flitted over the nasturtiums in the station-master's garden she felt a sort of vague pity for the poor Ninon Masserene who was once so pretty and so gay, and who was dead now and forgotten by all her lovers, and who had been so tired of the world and its pleasures that she had been glad when the time came to lie down to rest.

Very likely they were talking of her now at the cottage, poor little Tiff with her red eyes and sweet kind Mistress Mary and motherly aunt Dorothy.

But, when people were dead, the world still went on.

Dinners were eaten and marriages were made.

And Dick was coming home soon.

How strange and unreal it seemed now to remember that once Ninon Masserene had been going to marry Dick—to marry Dick and live in that tranquil pretty house among the roses!

Poor Ninon!

The only roses she would have now were those that people would strew on her grave.

And sometimes Dick would stand there with his wife, and they would say a few kind words about her, and tell each other that it was a pity she had died so young. But, after that, they would go home together, and the curtains would be drawn, and the lamps lit, and she would be lying out there in the dark all by herself.

Poor Ninon!

Poor Ninon!

And only such a short time ago she had been dreaming so happily of her own joy—the joy that was never to be—of curtains drawn that were to shut her in, and not shut her out into the darkness—of long winter evenings bright with firelight and music and pleasant talk by the hearth, in the dear old rooms of the Priory, the dear pretty old rooms, where once, if she had said "Yes" instead of "No," she might have reigned as mistress, wife, queen of a county and of a man's true strong heart.

Poor Ninon!

Poor Ninon!

It was a pity she could not have been happy for a little while before she died. She was so very young to die!

And girls are so often foolish when they are young, and when they have no mother's to take them in their arms and scold between two kisses.

They say the words and do the deed that they would give half their life afterwards to unsay or undo; only then it is too late. It is of no use wishing, longing, regretting. There is nothing to do but to die, and leave the world to happier women.

Poor Ninon!

That was what she had done. It was all she could do.

How pleasant and warm the September sun was!

How sweet the mignonette smelt in the little garden of the station! A great golden-belted bee was booming and buzzing about among the flowers.

It would be nice if the train never came, if she could just go to sleep there, and forget about the Priory and the portrait, that had Brian Beaufoy's eyes.

She did not want to go to Marybridge; she would rather go straight on to the Dower House, where Lady Davenant was waiting for her.

Only she could not.

She must go and look just once more at the picture and at the evening light falling on the terrace-walk.

If she did not, she he could not rest quietly in her grave—the grave where Dick and Mary and Tiff would strew roses.

The porter to whom Miss Masserene had spoken came up at that moment and told her that this was her train.

She thanked him, and rose like a woman in a dream; and he helped her into the carriage.

And in a minute or two more she was speeding on her way to Marybridge.

It was yet early in the afternoon when Ninon emerged from the little station into the village road.

She was still closely veiled. No one recognised her.

She stood for a few moments looking wistfully up and down, and then she turned under the dusty sycamores, and began to walk in the direction of Laurel Lodge.

A quarter of an hour brought her to the gate.

It was locked.

She stood and looked in through the bars.

The little garden was all choked up with weeds.

The green shutters were closed over the windows.

She remembered, as she stood, how she had come creeping down that night with Quentin through the laurel-bushes, and how she had stood at the windows one day, when the snow lay on the ground, and watched Brian go.

Along that narrow path her step-mother's coffin had been carried, through the blinding rain.

The girl took her hand from the gate and walked on.

She was tired, but she could not rest yet.

She must go and see the poor forgotten grave in the little churchyard on the hill.

The rank grass grew high about it, and almost blotted out the name on the humble head-stone.

Ninon sat down by it and laid her hand upon the mound.

She wished the poor dead woman could know that she was there, and that she was sorry for her.

And then she had not time to stay any longer.

She had to reach the Priory still, and then go back again to the station to take the train for Wychfield.

She was so tired when she reached the lodge that she could hardly stand. But she smiled in her old way at the woman who opened the gate for her, and said that she was passing through Marybridge, and would like to go up to the house and see Mrs. Burney.

The woman was delighted to see her, and asked a great many questions about Tiffany and herself, to all of which she replied with patience.

She gave some money to the children that came swarming around their mother's skirts, and then she walked on, trembling, her heart beating fast, under the avenue of trees, to the deserted house.

A strange woman opened the door for her.

She stared at the beautiful, pale young lady, and said there was no one at home—not even the housekeeper, who was visiting in Marybridge.

The master had come back from foreign parts a few days ago; but he was not in the house, she believed.

"No," Ninon said. "He is in London, I know."

And then she explained who she was, and added that she merely wished to rest herself for an hour, and to look at the pictures in the gallery.

She bowed, and made the young lady welcome.

She had heard Mrs. Burney speak of the beautiful Miss Masserene, and had noticed the likeness of the visitor to a portrait in a great gilt frame.

"You'll please to ring, Miss, if you should want me," she said, with a look of undisguised interest and curiosity at Ninon; and then she went away, and the girl was alone.

She crossed the hall and made her way to the long drawing-room through the pretty, old chamber of which she used to be so fond, the music-room that looked out upon the terrace-walk and was scented with odors of jasmine and old-fashioned pot-pourri.

The cool and fragrant twilight reigned there that she remembered so well.

The polished floor and old Venetian mirror glimmered faintly in the soft and subdued light.

Opposite to the old harpsichord stood the long glass in its rococo frame, where she had so often stopped to smile at her own reflection as she passed.

The girl shuddered before it now, and went on with feverish haste through the long suite of darkened rooms, until she reached the tapestry curtains that divided the last of them from the picture-gallery.

The blinds were drawn down, except over one window.

The dusk was already gathering in the corners of the room.

Her footsteps echoed strangely in the perfect silence.

Her heart was beating with dreadful throbs as she walked on toward the window of which the blind had been raised.

Its light fell full on the portrait of Gillian Beaufoy, with satin sacque and with the striped carnation in her piled-up hair; and, turning from this, Ninon raised her eyes to the opposite wall, and saw the face that she had come to see.

And, as she saw it, a mist seemed to be cleared away from her brain, the curious lethargy that had taken possession of her was pierced as by a sudden and painful arrow.

She knew then that Ninon Masserene was not dead, that her sufferings were not then at an end, that the agony of a supreme parting remained to be borne.

"Brian, Brian!" the girl cried passionately, stretching her arms to the picture that had Brian's eyes and Brian's smile; and, sinking down by a chair, she buried her disconsolate face from the light, and sobbed aloud.

A strong tide of desolating memories came rushing back upon her heart.

The dead feelings of the past rose up, the dead sweet hours of her life in the house where her young mother had been born, and from which she had been banished, as her child would soon be banished, never to return.

"Oh, I cannot bear it!" she cried, in impotent rebellion against her fate.

"Oh it is too cruel a pain—I cannot give him up!"

But by degrees her madness sobbed itself away.

She raised herself up from the chair by which she had fallen.

The shadows were gathering darker and darker in the corners of the silent old gallery.

She went and looked up once more at the beloved, unconscious face—looked and looked, as if she would have remained for ever on the spot.

"Oh, my darling, my darling!" she said, with trembling lips.

"Oh, be happy and forget me, as I can never forget you!

"And when I am dead and gone, when there is no Ninon any more, then let your thoughts return to me sometimes. She will forgive you, dear, for that!"

She turned hurriedly to leave the apartment, and found herself face to face with Brian Beaufoy.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

NOT FAIR FOR ME.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BARBARA GRAHAM," "ALMOST SACRIFICED," "MABEL MAY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER X.

THE next day Lord Heriot goes up to town. He is called away on business matters connected with the estate.

It is early in the afternoon when he leaves Kingscourt, and he chooses to walk to the railway station.

He sends his man in the dog-cart with his luggage, but he himself prefers going on foot—Doctor Jones thinks he prefers taking the mill on his way.

He laughs at his mother's presentiments and promises to take good care of himself, and to return on the Monday following.

This is Friday.

He lunches with the rest of the party as usual.

Hereward has never seen him in better spirits.

He seems boisterously gay, in fact, and rushes about the house like a schoolboy before he sets out on his walk to Kingsleigh. He does not ask any one to go with him.

The Doctor is afraid to offer his company, and it never enters Hereward's head to offer his.

Hereward often thinks of him afterwards as he looked that day, the slight small figure in a brown suit, a round brown hat on the fair head, a careless smile on the florid boyish face.

And he often wishes he had insisted upon going with him to the railway station.

Lord Heriot started from Kingscourt to catch the train that left Kingsleigh at three o'clock.

At three o'clock Hereward walks down to look at the new bridge.

It is about six when he returns.

The ladies have just dismounted on the terrace.

Lady Gladys stands at her horse's shoulder patting his soft velvety nose with one hand, holding up her habit-skirt in the other.

Miss Middleton has gone into the house. The horses look tired.

Women have no compassion on a horse when they are themselves in the saddle; Kuhleborn is covered with foam to his girths.

"You have ridden hard," Hereward remarks, looking at the horse.

"Yes," Lady Gladys says laconically.

"Where did you go?"

"Round through the rides. Did you look at the bridge?"

"I did."

"Must it come down?"

"I think not, unless Lord Heriot chooses to have it down."

"Why should he do that?

"It is not likely.

"But perhaps——"

Whatever Lady Gladys may have intended to say, she does not say it.

She turns away and goes into the house.

Hereward follows, wondering why she has grown so icily cold.

He has not done anything to deserve it, so far as he knows.

But he sets it down to mere caprice on Lady Gladys's part, and it does not greatly trouble him.

He finds another invitation from the Countess awaiting him.

He has not dined with them since his return from College, and now it pleases him to find the note on his table.

He knows she only asks him to relieve the tedium of Miss Middleton's visit, but this knowledge does not make him unhappy. If it pleases the Countess to ask him for one reason, it pleases him to go for another; so they are quits.

He puts away his books very willingly, and struggles with a white tie and puts on the hated dress-coat without once wishing that men could dine without ladies' society, and therefore without the miseries of evening dress.

After dinner the little Doctor plays chess with the Countess.

He wishes to interest her a little and make her forget the fact of Lord Heriot's absence. The Fraulein and Evie amuse themselves with their beloved Kindergarten, and the two girls remain with Hereward at the other end of the room.

Miss Middleton asks him to sing, and, remembering what he is expected to do, he sits down at once to the piano.

"What is it to be?" he asks laughingly, looking up at her.

"First, that students' song."

"Or this," he says, beginning the beautiful "Watch by the Rhine."

Lady Gladys stands with Miss Middleton near the piano, listening, but not looking at the singer, and, when he rises after he has finished the German hymn, she asks him to sing one more song.

She looks at him when she makes the request—it is indeed as much a command as a request, and he returns the look.

She seems to him more beautiful than ever to-night—her pale fair face, her soft fair hair, her sapphire eyes, her shadowy blue dress, the flashing diamond that sends out arrows of light whenever she moves her hand.

Little Miss Middleton in her straw-colored dress, looks as commonplace beside her as a dandelion beside a white moss-rose.

"Do you like old-fashioned songs?" he asks, again taking possession of the music-stool and pausing with his hands on the keys.

"Yes, some of them," Lady Gladys says, smiling.

Hereward sings softly and slowly, an old love song.

It is impossible to know what daring thoughts are in Hereward's mind as he sings, or whether he addresses the words to either of his listeners.

If he does it is playing with edged tools. But he does not apply the words by any glance into blue or black eyes, though both watch him as he sings.

He need only have raised his own six inches higher to have met the blue ones; but he does not do it—perhaps he dares not do it.

But the song has given both of his listeners a pain at the heart.

Miss Middleton imagines he is thinking of Nettie Blount.

This would not have troubled her had she not herself been thinking of Nettie's brother. He had said something very like this to her at parting, though not so nice and quiet-and resigned.

As for Lady Gladys, she stands still in her place, looking very much as she always looks; and yet she is heart-sick and weary of her life.

She remembers her lover also, her lover with his little angry eyes and thick voice and injured nose, and she hates the diamond that flashes with every movement of her hand—hates herself for wearing it.

But it is to save Kingscourt, it is to keep in fact the honor of their good old name.

So she thinks, and throws up her haughty head again; and then the song is ended.

They spend the evening at the piano.

Both the girls play, and Miss Middleton sings.

But Hereward will not sing again.

He takes possession of the ruby-velvet ottoman and makes himself very comfortable, and has his share of pleasure, as he promised himself he would.

The music saddens him—music has always had that effect upon him. But it is a sadness without pain.

He looks at Lady Gladys as she plays; he can look at her unobserved from his present position.

Perhaps he has taken it up for the purpose of watching her.

He can also hear her voice when she speaks to her friend.

Lady Gladys has the same clear sweet voice which struck him in the Countess that first day he came to Kingscourt.

It is a voice to listen to—a voice whose lightest word it is a pleasure to hear.

He looks and listens, he does not dream that he is doomed.

Yet it is not certain that he does not dream it.

He wishes he had never fancied himself in love.

He wishes he had never written those stupid, foolish letters, or received the still more stupid replies to them.

He wishes that no locket with a girl's photograph in it had ever reposed above his heart.

He cannot exactly explain to himself why he wishes these things, but that he does wish them there is no shadow of doubt. He would give much to be a Sir Galahad, to have never felt a "maiden's kiss, or maiden's hand in his."

And now his mental summing up, his revisionary musings, are all bent upon making light of these experiences.

A year ago he magnified them into giants of despair, now he would fain diminish them into pigmies, unworthy of a second thought.

He tells himself triumphantly that he is perfectly heart-whole, at the very moment when he is in greater danger than he ever was in his life before.

He is sorry when the time comes for bedroom candles.

He lights those belonging to the girls, and gives them into their hands, and saying good night to each as he does so.

Lady Gladys gives him her hand gravely, and he takes it in a very determined clasp. But he does not hold it for an instant longer than he holds Miss Middleton's, perhaps not for so long.

Then he goes down to the smoking-room, which is on the ground floor.

He has but just lighted his pipe, and is standing on the rug before the fire with the Doctor, when one of the men-servants rushes into the room.

"Doctor, Doctor, you're wanting down at the mill.

"Robert North has been shot at again, and they've done for him this time, for sure."

"Robert North!" cries the Doctor, buttoning up his coat.

"Are you sure you're not mistaken, Whitney?"

"How did you hear?"

"Old Trathaway has just come runnin' as hard as his legs would carry him to say as how he found him lyin' dead in the wood."

"Dead!

"You don't mean to say that the man is dead!" cries the Doctor, aghast, and hurrying out of the room without waiting for an answer.

"Dead as a door-nail, done to death by them rascally poachers.

"I told him that he was mad to venture among them single-handed, but he was as obstinate as a mule."

"Where have they taken him?" Hereward asks.

He is also buttoning up his coat and preparing to follow the Doctor.

"Into the mill," the man answers, and Hereward dashes out into the darkness after the rest.

CHAPTER XI.

IT is raining heavily, and as dark as pitch. Hereward could scarcely have found his way through the wood but for the dancing Will-o'-the-wisp rays of a lantern which one of the men carries on before to guide the Doctor.

A sudden event like this seems to take away the power of thought.

For that half-mile through the darkness, Hereward absolutely thinks nothing, except perhaps that the heavy rain-drops pattering from the brim of his hat on to his nose are not very pleasant.

And yet his mind is in a tumult for which the circumstances, apparently, do not quite account.

The noise of the river is heard very soon, and then the mill comes within sight, conspicuous in the darkness by the lights moving to and fro about it, and the lighted-up windows, which are all reflected puzzlingly in the water below.

A bridge over the mill-race leads to the house door.

Hereward walked at once into the kitchen—immediately following the Doctor and party from Kingscourt.

He takes off his hat and shakes the water from it, and turns down the collar of his coat, and then he stands in the group and listens.

There is a great crowd in the kitchen, all the village, he thinks.

Every one is eager in question or answer, according to the amount of information he or she possesses.

Old Trathaway tells Doctor Jones all he knows of the affair, gravely and concisely. He is a decent-looking old man, in a miller's dusty white dress.

He is the only person present who can give any information on the subject, and what he can give is not much.

He was coming home from the Palliser Arms at about ten o'clock, when, in passing through the corner of the plantation at about a hundred yards distance from the mill, his little terrier discovered the body, lying close to the path.

He dragged it out—it was lying partly under some blackberry brambles—and struck a match to see the face. He recognized it at once as Robert North.

He left the body and ran on to the house. There was nobody there but his daughter and the old woman, their servant.

The old woman ran off to the village to tell the game-keeper Grant, or to get the apothecary, he did not know which.

He himself ran up to Kingscourt for Doctor Jones.

The village people had come during his absence, and carried the body into the mill. The body was quite cold when he had found it, and there was blood on the face.

This is the substance of Trathaway's report.

Hereward listens—there is a gaping circle of listeners round them.

They cannot hear the exciting details too often, it appears.

A group of old women near the fire join in at intervals with groans, and exclamations of compassion, and wonder, and horror, as the case may be.

The young man was a stranger in the place, and he appears to have more friends now that he is dead than he had while living.

But there is no one to suffer acutely for his loss.

At least no one present appears to be in such grief as to prevent a full enjoyment of the melancholy business.

Hereward looks around for Anne Grace Trathaway, but she is not in the room. He wonders vaguely whether she is sorry, but no one mentions her name in connection with that of the dead man.

Doctor Jones makes his way into an inner room, and Hereward, looking over the heads of the people through the open door, sees a group gathered round a table.

He can see some object lying on a table, but the people are crowded so closely together that he cannot distinguish anything plainly.

The conversation in the kitchen goes on, loud and eager, and he hears it without its making any impression upon his brain.

"His lordship will be furious when he hears this!" one man says excitedly.

"He'll put spring guns and man-traps all over the place.

"Serve them right too, the blood-thirsty villians!"

"He was a brave lad to venture among them," remarks another, shaking his head.

"He told me he was never a bit afraid of them.

"They wouldn't shoot at him again, he said, and if they did it would only be to frighten him. He did not believe they'd take his life."

"He made a mistake then, poor chap! I wonder when they shot him? It was early for poachers to be hanging about the plantation. They're a daring lot, that's what they are! I hope his lordship will clear the place of them, for they're no credit to it or to us."

"If the fellow who did this job is caught, he'll swing for it," the first speaker asserts, decidedly.

Hereward shivers a little, and puts his hand into the pocket of his coat to find the handkerchief that ought to be there.

It is not there, and he unbuttons the great coat to get at the pocket of the coat beneath. His forehead is hot, and he passes the handkerchief over it.

There is a very troubled look on his face.

"Did the Doctor say where he was hit?" a new-comer asks, bustling into the circle.

"In the head—the top of his head is blown clean off. They found his own gun lying right in the middle of the path, near a pool of blood. Whoever did the deed managed it badly.

"If they tried to hide the body at all, why didn't they do it?

"A child would have discovered it, much less a dog."

The dog—a little wiry-haired terrier—who had played such an important part in the evening's transactions, is lying on the hearth before the fire.

Hereward looks at him, and the dog wags his tail.

Children and dogs, and women, always like Hereward, often without any encouragement on his part.

But he frowns down the dog's conciliatory looks, turning his back upon him.

"I wonder who'll get the place?" a lad remarks from the chimney corner.

"I wouldn't take a present of it," several voices answers at once.

"I don't think there'll be many putting in for the situation.

"It's three or four keepers there ought to be, and not one.

"Sure old Grant is as good as nobody, or as bad.

"The poachers will think they'll have it all their own way now, and there will be no standing them."

Doctor Jones comes out into the kitchen presently, and speaks to Trathaway for a little while apart.

The old miller shakes his head two or three times, and then the little Doctor goes up-stairs.

He is absent only a few minutes and then he takes Hereward's arm and they leave the mill together.

"The poor girl is in a terrible state," are the first words he speaks.

"Is she!" Hereward asks; he has expected to hear this.

"Terrible," the Doctor repeats; and then they walk on silently, each buried in his own thoughts.

The rain has ceased, and a thin crescent moon is shining down through the branches. The ground under their feet is soaking, and a shower of rain-drops patter down as the two men brush through the fern and brambles which here and there interlace across the path.

Doctor Jones looks at his watch as they cross the stile on to the lawn. It is three o'clock.

"A nice night we've had of it!" he remarks.

"Poor fellow, he has come to an awfully sudden end."

"Was death instantaneous?"

"Most certainly.

"The gun was fired so close to his head that his hair is burnt."

"What kind of shot?"

"A bullet."

There is pause for this announcement—a pause of at least a minute.

"This looks bad," Hereward says at last. There is a troubled look in his eyes, a very troubled look.

"Very bad indeed.

"The rascals must have done it in cold blood.

"It is nothing short of murder."

"I wonder why they managed the concealment of the body so badly!" Hereward speaks, with his head bent and his eyes on the ground.

"I cannot imagine.

"Perhaps they were disturbed while engaged in the operation.

"There is one circumstance for which I cannot account.

"The bullet entered almost under the man's chin—as if it had been fired from below, you understand."

"Does not that look as if he had fired the shot himself?

"He could pull the trigger with his foot, I have heard of its being done."

"But he could not have attempted to conceal his own body," the Doctor answers, shaking his head.

"No, that does not hold.

"But we shall hear more perhaps at the inquest.

"I shall telegraph for Lord Heriot in the morning.

"He ought to be on the spot. It is a most disagreeable affair altogether, and will annoy him greatly."

There is an inquest held next day at the Palliser Arms.

The body of Robert North has been conveyed to the inn, and Hereward and the Doctor are obliged to attend.

Hereward is impanelled as a juror, very much against his will.

Doctor Jones had telegraphed to Lord Heriot, but had received an answer in the course of a couple of hours expressing great regret for the unfortunate occurence, but alleging the utter impossibility of his leaving the town.

There is nothing new elicited from the witnesses at the inquest.

Hereward listens to the evidence, and goes forward with the rest to view the body, and agrees to the verdict like one in a dream.

The evidence is not very interesting. Old Trathaway is sworn, and repeats his statement of the night before verbatim—his return from the village, his finding of the body, and his identification of it as that of the new under-keeper Robert North.

He was not on friendly terms with the deceased, he allows, but they had never had words.

He knew he was paying his addresses to his daughter, but he discouraged those addresses and he thought he had a perfect right to do so.

The girl was not of age yet, and he, as her father, could compel her obedience.

He had not seen North's gun, though it must have been lying directly in the path. Some of the neighbors had found it and had carried it into the mill.

There was one barrel loaded, and the other was not.

Here the gun is produced, also the bullet which was extracted from the wound.

And a police officer presents hands in a bullet-mould which was found in North's room that morning.

There is a breathless pause when the coroner fits the deadly bullet into the mould.

The ball fits exactly.

There is a piece broke off the mould, where the two halves open, and there is a corresponding excrescence on the surface of the bullet.

There cannot be a doubt on the subject. The shot which killed Robert North was fired from his own gun.

This causes a great diversion among the jurors.

It seems to point to Hereward's first suggestion, that the man had raised his hand against his own life.

The Doctor's evidence would also go to prove this.

But then, how shall they account for the concealment of the body—for its having been dragged at least five yards from the spot where it fell.

That spot was very definitely marked by the pool of blood.

The jurors are puzzled.

But the entrance of Anne Grace Trathaway turns their thoughts in another direction. Hereward raises his eyes and gives her a long, slow, searching look.

She meets the look with one as searching and comprehensive.

The girl looks like the ghost of her former self.

Her complexion has changed to a dull chalky white, her very lips are colorless.

Her eyes are swollen with weeping, and a murmur of compassion passes round the room as she comes forward to be sworn.

Her evidence is very slight.

She had not seen Robert North for more than three days—her voice trembles very much as she mentions his name.

The last time she had seen him was at the stile near the mill, where the path turned away from the water's edge.

She had often met him, unknown to her father, and they used to part at the stile. He dared not come near the house. She had parted with him on bad terms, she allows; they often quarrelled, for he was of a very jealous temper. But they had not been worse friends this day than they had often been before.

He always got over his jealous fits before he came back.

She will not say of whom he had been jealous—of everybody who talked to her, she believes.

He had not seemed in low spirits, and he had never threatened to do anything to himself.

The reason he had stayed away for the last three days was because she would not promise to fix a day for the marriage. She allows that she had promised to become his wife.

On the evening of the day before she had been alone in the house except for the old woman.

Her father was in the village. He often spent the day in the village.

She had gone out of the house for a breath of air about three o'clock—this was corroborated by the old woman—but she had not been absent more than an hour at the very most.

While she was taking off her shawl she had heard a shot fired in the plantation, but she had not paid any attention to it.

She supposed it was North, shooting rabbits, or perhaps, some of the gentlemen from Kingscourt.

She never thought of poachers, it being so early in the evening.

She had not met North when she was out—she swore this upon oath.

And at this stage of her recital the girl covered her face with her hands and burst into tears.

The coroner allows her to go down, and the rest of the evidence is gone through with.

Old Grant deposes to having lent the bullet-mould to his junior, but he—North—did not say what he wanted it for. He thinks it must have been to make bullets to fire at a mark.

The young fellow was always threatening to go for a soldier and perhaps he wanted to practice beforehand.

He was not a very good marksman. He was rather awkward in the handling of a gun.

He has heard of guns going off accidently and shooting a man, but in this case he thinks the poachers are at the bottom of it.

He believes that they seized the gun out of North's hand and then they shot him with it.

That would account for everything. The jurors are fain to agree with him. No one had heard North threaten to make away with himself.

He was not a pleasant-spoken fellow, but he was quiet enough.

He was very fond of Anne Grace Trathaway, and had told the Grants that she was going to marry him, and that they were going out to America.

This was since he had spoken of going as a soldier, Grant thinks, but he is not quite sure.

He was very jealous of Anne Grace Trathaway always, and had taken a dislike to more than one lad in the village because she had happened to talk to them now and then.

The girl is a flirt and fond of admiration, but then she is a pretty girl, and there is an excuse for her.

She really meant to marry North, the old man affirms, and then he is allowed to go down.

Hereward changes his position, and gives a sigh of relief.

The remainder of the evidence is uninteresting.

Old Mrs. Grant corroborates her husband's deposition, and the old woman-servant at the mill that of Anne Grace Trathaway.

There are no other witnesses called except the Kingsleigh apothecary and Doctor Jones.

Their evidence is of a medical nature only, and the substance of it has already been given.

There is not much hesitation about the verdict—it is returned almost immediately upon the coroner's summing-up.

Hereward, as foreman, announces it in a clear grave voice.

It is a verdict of "Wilful murder against some person or persons unknown."

The crowd disperse slowly, talking together in little groups.

Hereward and the Doctor return to Kingscourt in the dog-cart which brought them to the village.

"I wish Lord Heriot could have been here," the Doctor says, giving the horse a touch with his whip.

"I wish with all my heart and soul that he could," Hereward answers gravely; and then they are silent again until they reach home.

CHAPTER XII.

ROBERT NORTH'S death casts a gloom over the neighborhood for several days.

Cautiously has it is broken to the Countess, it has the effect of making her ill.

She is not able to bear any shock of the kind.

If they could have kept the fact of the murder from her entirely, they would have done so; but that was impossible. It is a nine days' wonder at Kingscourt.

No clue is found to the perpetrators of the murder.

Detectives have been employed, and every other means used, but all to no purpose.

They have not been apprehended, nor does there appear to be much chance of their apprehension.

Lord Heriot does not return to Kingscourt on the Monday specified.

He writes that a friend has asked him to visit Clyde in his yacht, and that he has consented to go.

He promised to be back as soon as possible however, and begs Hereward remain at Kingscourt.

This Hereward does not care to do; but he cannot very well refuse.

Mr. Cartwright is very often at Kingscourt during these April days.

He is engaged to be married to Lady Gladys Palliser—Hereward has made this discovery, and, strange to say, it has not affected him in any great degree.

On the second day of his stay in the house he had set it down as a very probable contingency.

He never imagined that Lady Gladys would remain unmarried all her life, and, if she marries, as well Standish Cartwright as any other.

It has come to this with him—that he absolutely refuses to look forward further than to the date of the marriage.

He finds himself in request at Kingscourt during the dull days.

The Countess is very kind to him, and her kindness flatters him more than the kindness of a more good natured-person might have done.

Lady Gladys still maintains her icy reserve.

The temporary thaw of her manner towards him at one time has only given place to a still more Arctic coldness.

She treats him to but few of those fine high-bred courtesies she know so well how to dispense.

Hereward is changed too.

He gives himself none of the airs that poor Blount had tried to laugh him out of that day in the college.

He does not glare into the fire or out of the window, nor does he look sentimental or sigh.

But his eyes have the same look they had then—the same, yet with a difference.

Then the emotion was only on the surface, the depths are undisturbed.

Now the surface is not greatly troubled, but the depths are full of restlessness and pain.

But he tells his sorrow to no one.

After the first week in April the Countess begins to pine for Lord Heriot's return.

He is the one thing in the whole world for which she really cares.

Her life has been an unhappy one—unhappy in its circumstances which have been extreme poverty for her rank, unhappy in its relations with the Earl, her husband, unhappy in chronic ill-health.

Her eldest son is the one object round which her hopes and affections centre.

But Lord Heriot will not come to her. He puts off his return from day to day—something always occurs at the last moment to prevent his return.

Hereward begins to think that his own stay at Kingscourt can hardly be prolonged in these circumstances.

But the Countess will not hear of his going.

She overcomes his objections by assurances that the Viscount will return just when he is least expected, and very soon.

Hereward is invited to dine with the Countess one evening; it is the twenty-ninth of April, and Lord Heriot's birthday.

She is terribly disappointed at his not spending it at home.

She is determined there shall be some small festivity on the occasion.

So she invites the Doctor and the German lady and Hereward, and they drink Lord Heriot's health.

Lady Gladys looks unhappy this evening, perhaps because of her brother's absence from home.

Mr. Cartwright cannot interest her in any subject though he tries a great many. He and Hereward have never addressed each other either directly or indirectly since their meeting at Kingscourt.

They scarcely even bow when they happen to meet each other.

Hereward has always avoided him whenever he possibly could.

But to-night he could not do this without annoying the Countess and that he would not do.

Lady Gladys wears the black velvet dress she generally wears in the evening.

It is exceedingly becoming to her white arms and neck, and to her very fair soft hair. To-night she wears ivory earrings, and an ivory chain and locket round her throat.

Miss Middleton wears her favorite colors, white and scarlet.

This little lady looks rather *distraite* also, but it is not because Lord Heriot is not present.

It is because she is fain to confess herself beaten for once in her life, and that by a poor penniless sizar, without a second coat! She has at last given up all hope of subduing Hereward's stubborn heart. Her fascinations had never taken effect after so long a period as has interposed since she first brought them to bear on this errant knight.

There was a good deal of pique consequent on this discovery, at first, but has since worn away, and she is content to be his friend, if more than her friend he will not be.

But the next feeling consequent on the discovery is a too-late remorse for the lover who had succumbed without any conditions of surrender.

The red drawing-room is more brilliantly lighted than usual to-night. This is another fancy of the Countess's.

She has unacknowledged hope that Lord Heriot will arrive before the evening is out.

Miss Middleton asks Hereward to sing. The Countess likes to hear him sing, and they think it will divert her thoughts a little. Mr. Cartwright hates to see Hereward seat himself at the piano, and for that very reason perhaps Hereward likes to do it. And Lady Gladys comes to the ottoman near the piano to listen.

This enrages Cartwright, and he follows her sullenly. But it gives Hereward an impetus which astonishes himself. He sings the "Stirrup Cup," and as he sings he raises his eyes to meet those of Lady Gladys Palliser. She is looking at him, and Mr. Cartwright is looking at her. Hereward holds her gaze with his till the verse is finished, and then, striking the last notes of the accompaniment, he rises from the piano and walks away to the window. The curtains have not yet been drawn, and without lies a black and silver moonlight picture of the lake and distant woods.

Miss Middleton takes possession of the piano when Hereward leaves it, and sings through her repertoir. The music prevents the Countess from hearing, and being excited by every sound in the house. But while she is singing, the door of the drawing-room opens quitely, and a man in gray comes into the room.

"Blount!" cries the Doctor, and Hereward turns from the window with a very glad surprise to meet his friend.

After shaking hands with Hereward, he turns to the Countess.

"I came down from the North this morning," he explains, "and thought I should get out at Kingsleigh just to wish Heriot many happy returns. Where is he?"

He has glanced round the room in search of his cousin to no purpose.

"He's town," the Countess says, turning anxious eyes on the mantel-piece clock. "I had hoped he would have been here to-night, but it is too late to expect him now. Have you had anything to eat? Then go down at once to Purcell. There is supper waiting in the little dining-room, by a happy chance;" and the Countess smiles with her old gracious smile.

Blount does not want supper however, and, with a laughing apology, for his morning coat, makes himself quite at home in five minutes.

He looks very well, and as stout as ever. Hereward listens to his gay voice, and is glad to hear it gay. Blount and Miss Middleton have met without any very perceptible emotion beyond an added color in Blount's face.

She merely turned on her music stool and returned his greeting with the careless indifference of a practiced coquette.

The singed moth is a great acquisition to the party.

He and Lady Gladys have been friends from childhood, and have plenty to say to each other.

He takes a chair beside her ottoman and monopolises her entirely. Lady Gladys turns to him with an air of relief, and Mr. Cartwright finds that it is late, and goes home to Nettlewood in a particularly surly humor. Blount treats him very coolly; but when he is gone he takes Lady Gladys's diamond-decked hand in his and stoops his head to whisper some laughing words into her ear. Then a great shadow falls on her bright face, and she does not smile or look happy again that night.

The next day Hereward does not see much of his friend. After breakfast the Countess sends for him, and keeps him with her all morning. And after luncheon the girls make him go out with them on a round of visits in the pony carriage. Blount likes that kind of thing, leaning back lazily while Lady Gladys "tools" her pretty grays along the shady roads. Perhaps he also likes to look at the laughing dark eyes under the wreath of dog-roses and gauzy net opposite. At all events Hereward has no company that day except his books.

At about three o'clock in the afternoon Hereward grows very weary of this silent society and betakes himself to the river.

He often spends hours in the little boat on the beach below the mill.

Sometimes Miss Middleton and Evie come down for a row, and, if Hereward does not greatly care for this interruption of his reveries, he is at least gallant enough to keep his feelings locked in his own breast.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Scientific and Useful.

BRILLIANT BLACK.—Mechanics who desire to produce a deep brilliant black upon iron or steel may try the following receipt. Apply with a fine hair brush a mixture of turpentine and sulphur which had been boiled together.

BATTLE VIEWS.—An ingenious mode of getting a correct representation of an actual battle, landscape, etc., in a panoramic form, has been suggested in Paris. The main feature of the arrangement is a revolving cylinder, with a vertical slit in it, through which the images, etc., enter, and are thrown on a photographic medium properly sensitized.

BAROMETER.—A simple barometer can be made by filling a pickle bottle, within three inches of the top, with water. Then fill a clean Florence oil flask with water and plunge the neck as far as it will go into the larger bottle. The water in the flask will rise and fall with the weather, sometimes leaving it perfectly empty eight hours before a storm.

DISEASE-GERMS.—Discoveries in cultivating the germs of disease until the latter growths become mild, and then planting them in the system by inoculation, are abundantly proved. The practical results on animals show, for instance, that out of 80,000 vaccinated sheep exposed to a disease called "Charbon," in France, only 518 died, whereas for the ten preceding years the average was nearly 9,000.

Farm and Garden.

EARTHWORMS.—Account is given of spirits of camphor, much reduced with water, and applied to the soil of pot plants containing earthworms; the earthworms were destroyed, and the plants not injured.

WHEAT.—It is said that in Poland, where ventilation and drying are continued for some time, wheat has been kept sound and good for half a century. Its age never injures it, and such wheat is said to yield handsomer and better flour than that which is obtained from grain more recently harvested.

PLOW-SHARES.—Those who use the old-fashioned wrought iron plow-shares and points should have the latter not tempered too much, and as it wears off in plowing on the under side, bend it down by striking it with a hammer, several times a day. This will keep the plow running nicely with less than half the usual trips to the blacksmith's.

TREE INSECTS.—As an evidence of the need of applying a soap and carbolic mixture twice in a season, to the stems of peach and plum trees, apple trees, mountain ash, Japan and other quinces, I will mention, says a correspondent, that although eggs appear to be laid in June, rendering it necessary to wash in the beginning of that month, I have found eggs laid, or at least hatched, as late as October first; for, having set some side grafts in the collars of peach and plum stocks at about that date, many of them were found eaten out by the newly-hatched larvæ, when the grafts were examined ten or fifteen days later.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
SIXTY-SECOND YEAR.
SATURDAY EVENING, MAY 5, 1883.

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THOSE WHO ARE SELFISH.

The very first thing necessary to make any person miserable and unhappy in this world is to be supremely selfish. How many persons we daily meet, who, if we are to judge by actions and expressions, seem wholly bent upon making themselves unhappy! They think all the time of themselves, or of how they don't care about anybody else; they have no feeling for anybody but themselves. They never think of enjoying the satisfaction of seeing others happy, but would seem rather to contribute their full powers toward making others as well as themselves unhappy. If they see a smiling face, it is to them like a cloud passing over a bright sun. They envy every one who is better off in any respect than themselves; think unkindly toward them, and very likely speak lightly of them.

Such persons are constantly afraid some one will encroach upon their rights, and having trained their minds to regard everybody with suspicion, they are ready to snap and snarl without cause, or at least make use of very unkind expressions. They will contend for everything and anything that they think may redound to their interests, though not worth a pin, much less to spend breath in contending for. Some persons are undoubtedly naturally sensitive, but the greater number make themselves so. Such persons are to be blamed for allowing their feelings to control their actions.

Another class of persons who seem to be always trying to make themselves unhappy is the suspicious person—such as are always suspecting everybody around them as guilty of some mean act, or fearing they will be slighted, and are constantly watching for something to indicate that others dislike them—it is a pity that such persons cannot be made to realize that they are not worthy of hate, unless they learn to be less selfish in their feelings.

The world is full of people who daily seem to exert their powers to make themselves and others unhappy. This life of ours is comparatively short, and while we remain here, why should we not use the powers God has given us to make ourselves and others happy—always having in view the best interests of our fellow-creatures, and our happiness here and in the world to come. How much better it would be, and how much the cares and difficulties of this life would be lightened, if all had this object in view!

We should aim by the use of all the little courtesies and amenities of life, to render ourselves and others happy. We should not express the belief that our neighbor is a villain, and is watching for a chance to wrong us, till we know it to be a fact—always remembering the law adage that "a person should be considered innocent till proved guilty."

It takes the greater portion of a lifetime to build up a character—it may be destroyed by the unthinking in a single hour. Deal justly, honestly, and fairly by all mankind, and we will have our reward, both here and hereafter.

SANCTUM CHAT.

A NOVEL plan for displaying weather signals is suggested in Ohio. It is proposed to put large signs on the sides of the baggage-cars of the morning passenger trains, so that the farmers, when informed of the code, can foretell the weather for twenty-four hours. Better advise them to subscribe for a good daily paper.

—

As many as 1,153 packages of tea were seized last year at the Custom House, as unfit for consumption. Of these 590 were "faced" green teas, 500 composed chiefly of leaves other than tea leaves, made up to to imitate the green tea known as Imperial, while the rest consisted of decaying cognou and fannings. All the teas destroyed, as well as the packages turned back as not absolutely unfit for use, though not good enough for consumption, were China teas—a fact which can hardly fail to stimulate the already fast-growing taste for the Indian teas, which tea-drinkers, who have once learned to like them, never forsake for their Chinese rivals.

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In the too-constantly recurring deaths by burning buildings, we begin to see the word "cremating" used—reportorial English—but it should be well understood by intelligent, thoughtful persons, that in the improved furnace now used as crematories, there is no contact of flesh with fires. The heat is 2,000 degrees or more. At this temperature the body simply withers away to a pure white ash. The gases generated are burned in a separate chamber, adapted to the purpose; and there is absolutely no smoke, odor, or other unpleasant phenomena to offend sensibilities, however acute. The furnaces cannot be erected in this country for less than from $3,000 to $5,000.

—

THE rat, says Professor Huxley, has no place in a well-built stone house. The mouse is harmless, but the presence of rats means a connection with the rat's place, a sewer. Hence, when he knew that there were rats in the basement of his house, he had the floor of the room taken up, and found an opening into the sewer where the builder had neglected to close up the opening to a side drain, designed, but abandoned before using. During all the years that the house had been occupied, this opening had been in unsuspected existence, and had given open passage to the emanations from the sewer.

—

THERE is generally a garden attached to a private house in Germany, where in summer half the meals are eaten. For a German takes his meals out-of-doors whenever he can. He is fond of the open air, and seems indifferent to the insects which annoy the more fastidious Americans, who don't like eating under the trees. The foreigner will find at the public garden hundreds of wealthy families who have left their own elegantly-appointed dining-room to dine in the open air and listen to music. "It tires one so to always eat at home," they would say; or "The best cook bores one if you must eat after him all the time." But few American servants would put up with the ways of those German mistresses.

—

GLASS CLOTH is being made in Germany. An artist and glass-spinner of Vienna has established a glass business, offering carpets, cuffs, collars, vests, etc., made of glass. He not only spins, but also weaves glass before the eyes of the people. The otherwise brittle glass he changes into pliable threads, and uses them for making good, warm clothing by introducing certain ingredients, which are his secret, and thereby changing the entire nature of the glass. He makes white curly glass muffs; also ladies' hats of glass, with glass feathers, which are lighter than real feathers. Wool made of glass, it is said, cannot be distinguished from the genuine article. Glass is a non-conductor, and the time may not be far distant when it will cause a revolution in dress materials.

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AN Indian rajah is said to have a musical bed—made of rosewood covered with plates of silver, embossed or engraved. The style of ornament is rather Indian, but the vases, ears of corn, vines, etc., are fashioned of the European growths. The mattrass is in blue damask, richly embroidered. The music begins to play when the recumbent position is taken. The rajah did not select the airs, but the maker chose from the repertoire of Gounod. The spring which sets the music in motion acts likewise on four figures—these are painted to the life, with wigs blonde, black, red, and chestnut. They wave over the rajah's recumbent form fans of feathers of the white peacock, or the tails of the sacred yak. One figure represents a Greek, one a Spaniard, one an Italian, and one a Parisienne.

—

A SAN FRANCISCO millionaire, hoping to encourage his promising son in ways of thrift, promised to give him 2 per cent a month interest on any money that he might save out of his spending allowance and deposit in the paternal treasury. The young man was getting twenty dollars a week for spending money, and promised to show his appreciation of his father's affectionate offer. He began to make deposits without delay, and kept the practice up with remarkable regularity. The old gentleman noticed presently that the deposits exceeded the whole of the boy's allowance, but accounted for this by supposing that he had saved some money previously. Besides this, he received money frequently from his mother. So the fond parent rejoiced at the saving disposition that his son was displaying. This continued until the boy's deposits assumed such dimensions as to demand an explanation. It then turned out that most of the money he had been depositing had been borrowed. Inasmuch as he was drawing interest on his deposits at 3 per cent. a month, and was paying only 10 per cent. per annum for them, he found the business decidedly attractive and profitable.

—

SOMEHOW there seems to be a great deal of attention directed just now to the subject of preserving bodies after death. This fit or craze seems to be periodic. Of course, at times it is desirable to keep remains for a long time. Natural scientists would have very poorly-supplied museums if care was not taken to keep specimens from decay. But as to this business of embalming of the abodes for which the late human tenants cease to have any further use, one cannot find a more instructive lesson than in the modern treatment of the mummies of the ancient Egyptians. But it may be well to note though, if only as a piece of news, that if organic substances are first steeped in an alcoholic solution of nitrate of silver, wiped dry, exposed to the action of hydrogen, sulphide or phosphide, and then immersed in the ordinary galvano-plastic bath, they will keep for an indefinite length of time.

—

ONE of the expressive slang names of the day is that given to certain persons of no particular use in the world, and of no particular harm. The "dude" is not of modern origin, however. The name, doubtless, comes from the French, with whom the "dodo" has long been a well-known variety of fop. The dodo was not only effeminate in person and deficient in brain, but he was regarded as harmless in other respects. Women of fashion admitted him to their boudoirs during the finishing touches of their toilets with entire certainty that no scandal would arise therefrom. In like manner the dude is a sort of tame cat—not exactly a woman, but considerably less than a man. Unfortunately, the dude doesn't recognize his own portrait. The greatest stretch of his intellect enables him sometimes to see the resemblance of his associates to the creature whom men call a dude, but never for a moment does he discover his own identity.

—

IF you want to realize how much of your respectability rests in your hat, lose it over the bridge on a windy day and walk without one. All the rest of your clothes will not save you from personalities of the juvenile public, nor the unconcealed ridicule of the more adult. It is no use to stop and remind the street boys that Julius Cæsar never wore anything on his head. If you put your umbrella up you only make matters worse. The man who has lost his hat is the general joke of the moment. Mobs, therefore, hate hats. For mobs hate respectability and all the signs of it. In public speaking they are a very important feature. They are the orator's weakest point. It is a fierce light that beats on a candidate's hat. There is a loadstone in it that attracts old eggs and rotten oranges. Even dead cats have been known to display the most unusual ferocity at the sight of one. Some great orators, understanding this fact, speak without their hats.

—

THE other day, in England, a clergyman refused to allow a laborer's child to attend his Sunday-school because there was a frill at the bottom of her frock. Not long ago, in a western parish, there was a little girl with long golden curls among the scholars at the National School. One day the child was noticed by the lady of the manor, an imperious aristocrat, who has long ruled the parish of the district with a rod of iron. Next morning the parents of the child were informed that unless the curls were cut off she could no longer be permitted to attend the school. The mother would not comply with the order, and sent the child as usual; but a few hours later "her ladyship" visited the school, and ordered that the mistress should there and then cut off the offending curls, which was done, and the child returned in the evening cropped and shorn as though she had just come out of prison. Of course the parents might have sued "her ladyship," but then they would have been speedily hunted out of the place. There is still an enormous amount of tyranny in rural districts

RUTH.

She stood breast high amid the corn,
Clasped by the golden light of morn,
Like the sweetheart of the sun,
Who many a glowing kiss had won.

On her cheek an autumn flush,
Deeply ripened—such a blush
In the midst of brown was born,
Like red poppies grown with corn.

Round her eyes her tresses fell;
Which were blackest none could tell,
But long lashes veiled a light
That had else been far too bright.

And her hat, with shady brim,
Made her tresses to shade dim;
Thus she stood, amid the stooks,
Praising God with sweetest looks.

Sure, I said, Heaven did not mean
Where I reap thou should'st but glean;
Lay thy sheaf adown and come,
Share my harvest and my home.

Love's Young Dream.

BY P. L. WELLS.

I SHALL never marry. And don't laugh so incredulously, Lottie dear. One need not be a confirmed old maid in years, nor ugly, nor decrepit, to have a buried romance whose ghost would rise to forbid vows of loyality at any other shrine."

And heaving a deep sigh, Nettie Clare sadly shook her head, while the dark blue eyes grew darker with the intensity of the feeling which had prompted her words.

It was small wonder that her friend should have greeted them with a merry laugh of incredulity, for Nettie was passing fair to look upon, with a complexion pure and colorless as marble, eyes of Irish blue, and jet black hair.

No wrinkles marred the low brow to mark the twenty short years which had passed over her young head.

No lines had impressed themselves about the sweet sympathetic mouth to betray this secret sorrow.

As yet the ghastly skeleton had left no outward trace upon either face or form.

Nevertheless, Lottie Armstrong knew and loved her too well not to know these words just uttered were no jest, but very sorry earnest.

"What are you talking about, Nettie?" she exclaimed.

"Do you mean to tell me that you are a victim to unrequited love—you, whose life has been one long exponent of Cæsar's motto?

"Nonsense, *ma chere!*

"If, through those mischief-making eyes of yours, you can by a glance of indifference work such havoc, what would it be if they softened with real feeling?

"Unless, perchance, the man is blind, and compassion for his infirmity has won your heart; but, how, then, about the musical voice whose praises I have heard sung by a dozen impassioned swains?"

"No jest, Lottie.

"The man is neither blind nor deaf to others; both to me, for he has never seen nor spoken to me since I was five years old."

"Never seen nor spoken to you!" echoed her friend.

"And you have loved him since your babyhood!

"Nettie, have you gone mad?"

"No, dear, I am very sane. Listen, and I will tell you all about it.

"Our friendship is too close and warm to withhold from it my confidence, and inasmuch as it is all I shall have through the long empty years of the future, it is due to us both that you should understand all this secret romance of my life.

"For it is a romance, Lottie, although very sad and real to me.

"You have heard me speak of my aunt Margaret, who was married to my mother's brother.

"When she married him she was a widow with one son. 'Cousin Henry,' I was taught to call him, though, as you see, he was in reality no relation.

"The summer that I was five years old I was spending a month with my aunt, and cousin Harry was home on his vacation from college.

"He was then eighteen, and made of me at once a pet and plaything.

"Soon after that, it seems some slight family difficulty arose, and I never went there again.

"But cousin Harry always wrote to me. When he left college he joined the army and went out to India.

"There he distinguished himself and was promoted.

"Two or three times he has sent me photographs, taken at different places.

"You have thought me very kind to Harry Reed.

"He knew cousin Harry, and it is of him we have talked.

"He has told me how brave and handsome he was, how he exercised over men and women alike a charm which could not be resisted.

"Well, in one letter he discussed this nonsensical quarrel, and determined he at least would not be a party to it.

"But, two years ago, my uncle Reginald died.

"He had always led Harry to suppose that he was to be his heir.

"Instead he left his wretched money all to me.

"This was bad, but he made it worse by insinuating that the money might yet be Harry's if he could win me for his wife. All was arranged just then that I was to pay his mother a visit, and he was coming home from India on leave, to see the little cousin who had been his boyhood's pet.

"Instead, he wrote his mother a letter she sent to me without one softening word, but with the bitter reproach that I had schemed to gain my uncle's wealth, and rob her boy of his own; but Harry's letter was no less bitter, though more just.

"'I am glad Nettie has the money,' he said, 'for I am a man, and can make my own way in the world; but certainly I will build it up on no woman's wealth.

"'My little cousin was very dear to me as a sister, not as a wife; but I swear that I will never see or speak to her again until she or I be married.

"'I will never put myself in the position of seeking a woman's love for the sake of her money.

"'It would have been better if my uncle had never led me to believe myself his heir; but except for this, and the almost insulting alternative he leaves open to me, I do not blame him.'

"This was all, Lottie—this and his mother's reproaches; but I was a child no longer.

"I was a woman, and I knew that always in my childish and my woman's heart there had been one shrine, one hero.

"He loved me, he said, as a little sister. I—Heaven help me—loved him with the one passion of my life. This was two years ago.

"I knew him too well to try and change his purpose.

"I have sometimes thought that perhaps—perhaps if he had seen me, if we had been thrown together, all might have been different.

"But you know now, Lottie, why I shall never marry."

* * * * * *

"A chance for you, Nettie!" cried Miss Armstrong, a week after the conversation just recorded had taken place.

And as she spoke she waved a paper over her head.

"What do you mean?" said Nettie.

"A chance for you to meet this invincible cousin, and he is none the wiser," explained her friend.

"Listen to this—

WANTED—A companion and maid to an invalid lady in Kent. Some one willing and refined. Address M. E., Thorburn House, Kent.

'M. E.!' Those are your aunt's initials, and surely I heard your aunt mention Thorburn House.

"Now I think you will fill all these qualifications, and really, my dear, to a young lady of your income the salary would be a decided object."

But Nettie did not echo the laugh which finished this speech.

"It is aunt Margaret!" she said slowly; "and, though you are jesting, Lottie, I think I will make the jest very earnest. Cousin Harry is in India still; but I should like to go to the dear old place once more, even in the position of menial.

"Aunt Margaret would never recognize me, but I would try so hard to make her love me; and if I succeeded, I might one day confess to her how I became her maid."

"But ladies do not love their paid dependents, dear."

"Ah, blood will tell, and aunt Margaret shall love me."

And so it happened that a fortnight later, in pursuance of this resolve, Nettie Clare's eyes were once more gladdened by the sight of the dear old place she had expected to see never again.

The welcome she received was kind, but it was the welcome of the grand lady to the young woman paid to do her service, though she saw the almost imperceptible start given by the mistress of the house, when her eyes rested on the slight graceful figure, whose air of elegance and breeding could not be disguised by the simple black dress she had assumed in which to masquerade her *role*.

"How came you to take such a position, child?" asked Mrs. Ellison, one morning, when Nettie had fulfilled her duties for more than a month.

She had asked her that day to read to her.

But as she listened to the sweet voice, she had heard none of the meaning of the words, but had been instead intently studying the exquisite face which bent over the book.

"How little I thought when I inserted my advertisement, I should be so favored," continued Mrs. Ellison.

"You are very kind, madame, to be pleased with me," Nettie answered; "but you must not ask me of my past life. I shall be glad if by faithful duty I can brighten yours ever so little."

There was real feeling in her voice, which touched the listener's heart.

Proud lady as she was, in presence of this girl she almost forgot the social gulf between them.

She was ill and suffering, too, and she learned to long for the cool white hand which bathed her brow so untiringly, and for the sound of the quiet step which told her her maid was near her.

One morning a letter was handed her, and Nettie saw her eyes glisten, and tears of joy drop on the page.

"My boy is coming home," she said. "He was to follow his letter almost immediately, he writes.

"Next week he will be here. Why, child, what is the matter?" for her maid grew very pale.

"Nothing, madame.

"I will go to my room. I shall be better soon."

But when she returned, she was still white and grave.

"I must leave you, Mrs. Ellison," she said sadly.

"I am not well, I find, and must send some one to you to fill my place."

"Leave me?" cried the invalid. "Nettie, dear child, you must not think of such a thing.

"If you are ill, you shall be nursed as though you were my own daughter, but I must know you are near me.

"Child, what makes you so near and dear to me?"

But Nettie's only answer was a burst of tears.

And so when the young master came to his home, she still held there the position of his mother's maid.

"She is a lady, Harry," said his mother. "I am sure of her birth and breeding as of my own, but I can get her to disclose nothing."

To all of which the young man listened indifferently, though he, too, had started at the sight of the girl's rare beauty, and found himself listening delightedly to the tones of the low sweet voice.

"I must go," Nettie said to herself, when this had gone on for several days. "I am only making my own misery the greater, and signing the death-warrant to my own happiness."

But resolutions are not always made to be kept, and the next morning all else was forgotten at Thorburn House but the sudden illness of its young master.

Captain Harry had been stricken down with a low fever, who could nurse him, thought his mother, but her faithful maid?

His life was spared.

The fight was fierce but short; and then followed the long tedious days of convalescence, or days which began as long and tedious, but soon grew all too short.

Captain Harry was a proud man, and it was long ere he could acknowledge to himself that this poor, nameless girl, his mother's paid dependant, he had given his heart; once acknowledging it, he was too honest and too manly to take refuge in any but an open and an honorable course.

"As my mother said," he told himself, "she is a lady.

"Every act, every gesture, betrays it; and better far that I should marry where my heart has led than stoop to win a woman for her gold.

"When Nettie is mine we will invite the other Nettie to Thorburn again. Will she come I wonder?

"Has she, too, had love's young dream, ere this?"

That very evening, Nettie listened to the few frank words in which Captain Harry told his love,—listened with flushed cheek and downbent head.

But when he would have drawn her to his heart she resisted the loving effort, and held herself erect.

"What is the love you would offer to your mother's maid?" she asked.

"The same that I hope to offer my dear mother's daughter," he replied, "if, my darling, you will be that daughter and my wife."

"And what does she say? Ask her!" she persisted.

"She echoes her son's prayer," said a voice in the open doorway.

One swift glance Nettie gave towards her; then, going to meet her, drew her into an easy-chair and knelt down on her knees at her feet.

"Listen first to my confession," she said, brokenly, "and then tell me whether I must go or stay."

And then, in a quick low voice, she told the story through.

"Now," she said, when she had finished, "you know all. Must I go, or may I stay?"

Low and sweet fell the answer from her aunt's lips—

"Stay, my darling, as my daughter!"

And then it merged in words lower and sweeter still, as her lover lifted her to the shelter of his heart, and murmured—

"Stay, my darling, as my wife!"

Friend or Foe.

BY E. LINWOOD SMITH.

IF she were a daughter of mine I would disown her! If I thought a daughter of mine would so much as touch a Prussian's hand, I would swear she had been changed in her cradle.

"Wait a little while till we teach their arrogant pretension how France resents it, and then such women will lament the treachery they dare call love."

So spoke Pierre Duval in hot breath, just before the siege of Paris had begun—breath kindled by the news brought him by the fair girl shrinking before his anger—the news that one of her schoolmates and the child of an old neighbor had absolutely been married the day previous to a young Prussian officer, bearing active arms against the country of his newly-made wife; in fact, had left her side twenty-four hours after the completion of the ceremony to rejoin his regiment.

All through the day Pierre kept muttering to himself.

At nightfall he called his little Marie to him.

"Women are strange beings," he began, as if to relieve his mind of a load which was weighing upon it, "and perhaps I've no right to believe you different from the rest. These are uncertain times we are in, too. The Prussians are proving stronger than we thought, and it behoves every man who can carry a musket to stand ready.

"But, Marie, girl, if your old father marches after the fife and drum with the rest, and no young legs of them all will march more willingly, I want you to make me a solemn promise, nay more, to kneel beside me and make me a solemn oath. Kneel, my girl, kneel."

Pale and terrified, the young girl did as she was bid.

"You frighten me, papa," she said.

"It's naught to frighten you," he replied, "but it's one thing to march out to the field and another to march back.

"They may leave me cold and stiff behind them on their return—the gallant sons of France.

"I will rest easier in my grave if I know my child never will dishonor her race. Now raise your hand, Marie, and swear that you will never marry a man who cannot boast of French blood in his veins!"

Solemnly the girl swore.

The old man smiled triumphantly as he bent and kissed the long flaxen braids wound about the little head.

"I'm ready now," he said.

Within a week the siege of Paris had begun.

Within a month Pierre Duval's child was orphaned.

A Prussian bullet had stilled for ever the heart so loyal to France.

For a time Marie was stunned.

No one found opportunity to sympathize with her grief, for around and about her everybody was nursing some misery of their own.

Every house bore some badge of mourning.

Every heart carried its own burden.

But sorrier days were in store for Paris—days when the Prussians marched untroubled through its streets and spoke their hated language in loud triumphal accents.

On a party of these Marie stumbled one evening as she hurried home.

They were the common soldiers, and her pretty face, from which she had thrown back her heavy veil of crape, attracted them.

Instantly two of them approached her, addressing her in insulting praise in her own tongue.

She hastily drew down her veil, but one bolder than the rest raised his hand to again uplift it.

Scarcely had he done so than it was struck down by a sharp quick blow from behind.

Marie turned, expecting to see the Frenchman who had delivered her; but lo! a young officer in full Prussian uniform stood before her, respectfully touching his hat.

A few swift words of command to the men sent them abashed away.

Then, with an accent almost as pure as her own, he begged that she would allow him to escort her to her home.

"Such outrages in time of war are difficult always to prevent," he said, "but you risk much by appearing unattended in the street.

"Always your father—your brother——"

"Ah," she interrupted, "do you leave us our fathers and our brothers?"

"No! I have been to the hospital, caring for the poor men who may be spared to their daughters and their sisters.

"As for me you have already taken from me my all."

And she moved quickly away as if the conversation were at an end, but the young officer kept pace beside her.

"Pardon me," he said, "but you are too young and too pretty to pass through Paris unmolested.

"You hate me as your foe, but you must let me guard you to your home, even though you hate me the more."

"There is no need," she replied. "I go every day to the hospital, and every day at this hour, or very little earlier, I must return."

A shadow and then a light swept over the young man's face.

"I am stationed so near here that if you will permit me every night I will be your escort."

"I would rather die than accept a kindness from your hands, or those of any of your blood!" she said hotly.

"You, who are my dear old father's murderer."

And as she spoke the last word she paused before a gate, which the *concierge* hastily opened for her admittance, and which instantly swung to behind her.

When all alone in her own room Marie paused.

Singularly enough she could recall every feature of the young officer's face—a face which seemed to her to realize some dream of manly beauty: the echo of his voice lingered in her ear—a voice low and rich and musical—musical even when he had sternly addressed the soldiers in his own guttural tongue.

Her heart was beating high with fear and excitement and indignant anger, but with it was mingled a strange thrill of joy.

"It was because I proved my hate," she said to herself.

"Yet he was kind to me.

"But for him——"

She would not continue her thought to the end.

Resolutely she put it from her.

All the next day she was busy among the wounded.

Since her father's death she had gone into the hospitals.

Sitting with folded hands in the midst of all the misery about her, with her own wretchedness for mental food, she had felt herself upon the verge of madness, and she had offered her services, which only too gladly were accepted.

When evening came she hastened homeward, but with new dread, new sinking, until looking behind her as she turned the corner of a street, she saw following her, her protector of the night before.

Until the gate again closed behind her,

he let but little distance intervene between them.

Every night after this it was the same.

Earlier or later as she might chance to be, he was near her, nor left her till safe within her own home.

One night he approached her.

"There will be fighting to-morrow," he said. "I cannot be here to aid you. You must not go out alone. Promise me that you will not."

For a moment she was almost tempted into forgetfulness that he was a Prussian. For a moment she was almost tempted to answer—"I promise!"

Then she recovered herself, and turned from him.

"Pass my word to you!" she said; "to you, my enemy, the enemy whom I hate!"

"And you, my enemy, are the woman I love!" he replied.

"Why should I love a woman to whom I have spoken scarce twenty words in my life, and who has answered me with scorn and contempt always?

"I know not.

"Some strange freak of fate, perhaps, but so it is. I may go out to meet my death to-morrow.

"If I should, doubtless you will never know that thus France has avenged herself; but I should like to feel you sometimes give me one kindly thought, even as my last thought living or dying will be of the one woman who gave me a stone for the heart I offered her.

"But for Heaven's sake promise me you will not go alone to-morrow in the street.

"Do not let me have the added torture that you are in peril."

They had reached the gate ere this.

Her hand was on the bell.

She opened her lips, meaning to scathingly utter his deserved rebuke, but lo! instead, the two simple words, "I promise!" alone emanated from them in a low and thrilling whisper.

Before she could divine his intention, he had caught in his the little gloved fingers and raised them to his lips.

The next moment the gate swung to between them, and Marie, flying to her own room, sad flung herself in a burst of bitter sobbing on the bed.

He was a Prussian and she—hated him.

Three days after she paused beside two surgeons in earnest conversation.

"There's but one way to save him," said one.

"It's an ugly wound, but he's sinking from loss of blood.

"If we could get some one to submit to transfusion I think he would recover."

"Impossible," answered the other.

And Marie passed on into the room where lay the sufferer.

She paused beside the cot.

He was lying white and insensible upon the pillow, but all changed as he was she recognized him, and fell with a low cry beside him.

To her he was nameless, but he was the Prussian whom she hated and the man whom she loved!

Ah, in that moment she knew the truth, and then she remembered the surgeon's words.

They were about separating when she returned to them

"You said transfusion would save him," she said,

"I am strong and am ready."

And rolling back her sleeve she disclosed her bare white arm, with its finely-outlined blue veins.

A little while the physicians demurred, but it was a new experiment in science, and in the end she had her way.

She did not even shudder as the sharp lancet penetrated her vein, and the faintness which crept over her—the deadly faintness—as the blood poured from her veins into his was ecstasy; for though to her it might mean death, to him it was life—her life for his.

She swooned before the operation was completed, and days had passed before she could rally even to know her sacrifice had not been in vain—days when Paris had been racked by a bitterer foe than the hated Prussian.

But the terrible days were over when Marie was allowed to once more assume her role as nurse.

Ernest Hauptman was still in need of all her care.

When she stood once again beside him he looked at her with wide-open conscious eyes, into which, as he recognized her, there came a look of ineffable happiness.

"My love!" he murmured, and then fell asleep with her hand clasped tight in his.

Through long weeks she nursed him—weeks which taught her that all her future must be wretchedness, since her promise to her dead father forbade that he should share it.

How dared she tell him of it until he spoke the words which unsealed her silence?

But one evening as they sat together in the twilight he, almost wholly convalescent now, spoke them, as in low endearing accents he asked her to be his wife.

Amid bitter sobs she told him all then, and hid her face within her hands.

But he gently drew them down and drew her head upon his heart.

"My own," he said, "your sacrifice has borne its fruit.

"Your husband must boast French blood in his veins, forsooth!

"Have I then none in mine?

"Did you not mingle yours in mine, the very blood of Pierre Duval himself!

"Ah, Marie, keep your vow to your dead father, and keeping it give yourself to me!"

In silent rapture Marie Duval listened to the words, but, as her arms closely clasped themselves about his neck, he knew that he had won his cause, and that she had gone over for ever to the enemy!

All in a Lifetime.

BY JULIUS THATCHER.

GERTRUDE,"—and Mr. Harvey drew his pretty daughter upon his knee, and took her face betwen his hands,—"did you like the play last night?"

"Lovely, papa!

"And where Cunaldo comes out and drops on his knees before Rinato, and swears——"

"Spare me, Gertrude; I'm only human," laughed her father.

"Who was that young man with you?"

Mr. Harvey watched her covertly as he spoke.

"Why, Charley, of course, papa," she said.

"The idea of your not knowing Charley Harrington!"

"Clerk with Fodge & Co., I believe," he said.

"Little a week and no expectations?" looking at her inquiringly.

"I believe so," beginning to look surprised.

"Don't you understand, Gertie?

"You are constantly in his company, and people will talk.

"If he had any prospects it would be different.

"You have lived long enough to know that money is the first consideration, position next, and love, if it happens to coincide with the others, makes a very good third."

"Yes, papa.

"But you see I have always been on friendly terms with Charley ever since we used to sit together at school, almost like brother and sister.

"We never dreamed of making love to one another.

"Why, papa, you're a goose!"

And she caught him playfully by the ear.

"I doubt if Charley is equally heart-whole," her father replied, looking admiringly on her flushed face.

"But I feel very much relieved by what you have told me.

"So long as you feel that way, I hav'n't any objections to him.

"Indeed, I rather admire the fellow's independent ways."

"Papa,"—and she looked him quietly in the face,—"you need have no misgivings about me.

"My talk may seem foolish to you sometimes, but it is only talk.

"I think I have even as good an idea of the value of money as you have, and you may rest assured I shall make no mistake."

And with a laughing courtsey she ran from the room.

A few days later, as she and Charley Harrington were returning from a matinee, the latter departed from his usual reserve of manner and made a passionate declaration of love.

Gertrude heard him quietly to the end, then with an impatient movement asked him how long it was since he taken leave of his senses.

"We were getting along so splendidly," she said, "and now you must go and spoil it all.

"It's really too bad!"

Charley Harrington looked at her in astonishment.

"I don't understand," he faltered.

"How has telling you my love spoiled all?"

"Why, you see, we were good friends before.

"Now you won't be satisfied with that, but will have to be making foolish speeches all the time.

"How could you Charley?"—regarding him with her great, innocent-looking eyes.

Charley bit his lip.

"At least we can continue good friends?" he ventured, moodily.

She regarded him meditatively.

"No, Charley, I don't think we can," she responded.

"When a person gets in your condition there is little hope for him.

"You could never return to the sensible old Charley I used to like so well.

"Besides, I don't advocate love, you know.

"When I marry it will be for something more substantial."

"And I——"

"Will you bid me good-bye like your sensible old self, and let me go home.

"Papa will wonder what keeps me so late."

"But, Gertrude, won't you give me a little hope?

"I shall go away, and will some day come back rich as even you can desire," he said.

"Very well!

"If I happen to be single when you come back I shall have no objection.

"All you want is money to make you a desirable husband."

"Well, Gertrude, I did hope that my love would be enough to win you; but I suppose I was rather simple to entertain such an idea.

"My purpose, however, is unchanged.

"I shall have you yet; and as you seem too modern for old-fashioned love, I will go back to mediæval customs and buy you.

"I wonder," he continued, looking at her critically, "about how much you father would ask for you?"

"Charley!"—with a touch of surprise in her voice.

He laughed lightly.

"Well, good-bye, Gertie. Shall we shake hands?"

She gave him her hand silently.

"But if she expected any other allusion to his love for her, she was entirely mistaken.

She stood gazing after him a few moments, then, with a little sob, turned toward home.

A few months later, Charley Harrington was one of a party of roughly-clad miners who, growing tired of the worn out diggings at a place called Yankee Flat, struck off into the unexplored wilderness of which the Indians of the mountains had hitherto held undisputed possession.

His few months of active life in the open air had imparted to him a more vigorous and hardy appearance than he had known during his confinement in an office.

Already his rough companions began to look upon him with respect.

Their few attempts to take advantage of his supposed greenness had resulted so disastrously to them that they had concluded in the future to take sides with rather than against him.

His one object seemed to be to accumulate money, and where his companions disposed of the greater part of their dust at the bars and card-table, every grain of his went into paying claims or other easily turned property.

Though he was never known to take unfair advantage in any of his dealings, yet it was understood that he expected and would claim every farthing due to him, and that he never allowed sentiment or pity to interfere with his business transactions.

Although he had been among them but for a short time, he was looked upon as a successful miner, and was regarded with envy by the new-comers.

When the project of prospecting the very centre of the territory possessed by the war-like hill-Indians was broached he was the first to respond to it.

The expedition would be attended with such terrible dangers and hardships, however, that few could be induced to join it.

At length, won by the report of enormous riches concealed in the mountains, a dozen bold spirits struck off into the wilderness.

The guide who was to lead the expedition declared it as his belief that everyone who escaped the vengeance of the Indians and the teeth of the grizzlies would come back loaded down with gold.

"But the Injins, boys," he would say, dubiously.

"That's the rub.

"They're thicker'n hornets and a darned sight more spiteful.

"Mebbe we'n stip 'em, though, an' if we do, boys, I'll show ye something that would make our friends turn wild if they could see it.

"I've been thar.

"Great flakes big as marbles an' thick as grasshoppers."

And his eyes sparkled greedily at the recollection of the gold.

The report of the dangers which would beset them had not been exaggerated.

On the third day out they were attacked by Indians and two of their number killed.

The next day a comrade became too venturesome, and fell from a precipice to the stones below.

Another was attacked by a contagious disease and abandoned.

But at length, after weeks of hardship, the goal of their hopes was reached.

Bruised, ragged, and exhausted, all their suffering were forgotten in the glittering prizes spread out before them.

Deep between two overhanging cliffs, where the sun never penetrated, and far even from the haunts of the nomadic Indians, the riches of the earth seemed to be hidden away.

Great boulders of quartz, whose original color was almost lost in the glittering crust of yellow metal which overspread them, were everywhere.

Scattered over the ground were nuggets almost as large as hen's eggs, which had lain there for countless ages.

Little wonder that the weariness of the men was forgotten, or that they toiled far into the night, ceasing only when they had to drop for very weakness.

Day after day they worked on, scarcely speaking to one another lest they might lose a moment from the precious harvest.

Night after night the rich results of the day's toil were hidden away in the common treasury, until at length the leader gave orders to discontinue work, as they already had more than they could carry away.

Then came another long march through the country of the red men and wild beasts, and one after the other was left behind, with no further use for the treasure they had worked so hard to obtain.

One day the miners of Yankee Flat were surprised to see four gaunt, fierce-eyed men stagger into camp bending under the weight what appeared to be a bundle of skins.

It was some time before they were recognized as members of the almost forgotten prospecting expedition.

But they answered all the eager questions with scowls and threats, and when one curious miner approached too near their bundles they shot him down with fierce curses.

After that they were let alone, and a few days subsequently quietly disappeared.

Some six weeks later Mr. Harvey was sitting in his costly home, looking anxiously over some papers just received from his lawyer.

"Ruined!" he groaned.

"Hopelessly ruined!

"Oh, poor Gertrude!"

At that moment he heard steps outside, and a moment after a stern, careworn man entered the room.

Mr. Harvey looked at him curiously.

His face was strangely familiar, but he could not recognize the fierce eyes and half-gray hair.

"Mr. Harvey," the apparition began, abruptly, "I have come to buy your daughter.

"What is the price?"

"Sir?" shouted the other, bounding from his seat.

"Don't get excited," continued his visitor, satirically.

"I am only Charley Harrington, come after your daughter.

"My love could not win her, so I have come to buy her.

"You are utterly ruined.

"I have bought up your notes.

"I have gold, more than you ever dreamed of in your wildest moods.

"Go tell your daughter I have come after her."

"You still love her?" inquired the father, looking at him doubtfully.

"No, that all died out as I lay awake at night in the mountains thinking of my treatment.

"Think you that sufferings enough to turn my hair gray, and make an old man of me would not destroy the greatest love?

"But I offer what is better—gold. Call Gertrude."

But why prolong the story?

"All the town is acquainted with Gertrude's marriage with the enormously rich but half-crazy miner, and how he keeps her in the strickest seclusion, while she apparently worships the very ground he treads on.

ON ENGAGEMENTS.—Both to those who look on at Cupid's pretty play, and the still more interested players, engagements afford food for reflection, and give a hint both of laughter and tears.

Never at any other time of his life is man such an overwhelming unselfish, tender, devoted, and doting animal.

He does as he is told, with a humility and a gentleness which are sufficient to qualify him for an archangelship, and he will fetch and carry with the docility of a dog.

For the moment, he abdicates his proper place in creation.

Being master, he becomes slave, with a beautiful self-abnegation, which for the time counts nothing too troublesome.

From winding cotton to sitting out interminable conversations, or walking interminable walks, your lover is always ready to oblige—dear, interesting young man: and thus the romance is run through to its usual prosaic but very human termination.

Then ensue visits to furniture shops, house-agents, and a church.

The unadorned bachelor has secured the proud possession of a real mother-in-law, and settles down to life in earnest.

The engagement, with its tender little trifles, is over, and matter-of-fact married life begins.

Here, as a rule, one half of the mistakes of existence appear.

Unless a woman is extraordinarily cross-grained, a man's engagement ought to last as far into married life as married life lasts itself.

People who get all their courting finished on the far side of the church door, generally find the sea of matrimony rough sailing.

This is sometimes due to the fact that engagements are imprudently long.

Lovers give and demand "Sunday manners," and it is not natural for either maidens or men to amble along Love's highway for years, without tired nature gives way and asserting itself.

M. S.

THE oldest inhabitant of Susquehanna, Pennsylvania, Mr. Buck, hears the original Mormon elder, Joseph Smith, and remembers the prophet's attempt to repeat the miracle of walking on the water, having erected a submerged sidewalk in the river; but somebody cut a section of the planking on the night before, and the impostor barely escaped drowning.

Nervous Prostration and Insomnia.

In nervous prostration and sleeplessness, from which so many invalids suffer, Compound Oxygen rarely fails to bring relief. A lady (a teacher) in Avoca, Wisconsin, who has been a great sufferer, sought help in Compound Oxygen. At the end of five weeks wrote: "The night after taking my first inhalation of Oxygen, I slept like a babe! I could have cried with joy the next morning. I felt that the restful sleep of that one night was worth the price paid for the Treatment. 'Tis now a comfort to lie down at night, for I do not have to look forward to long, weary hours of nerve-jerking (which to me is harder to bear than pain.) No more mid-night alcohol and water-baths; neither rubbings, countings, nor walking the floor in agony; but rest, sweet rest instead."

Our Treatise on Compound Oxygen, its nature, action, and results, with reports of cases and full information, sent free. DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, 1109 and 1111 Girard Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Under the Willow.

BY F. L. WELLS.

"I TELL you, sir, you shall never wed my daughter! You, a son of old Gerald Estcourt, wed my daughter, and your father my bitterest enemy?

"No, sir; never let me hear another word on the subject! My decision is irrevocable!"

"But Major Randolph——"

"No more, sir.

"Good day."

And the crusty old Major turned his horse's head, and rode away, leaving Fred [illegible] to [illegible] give his [illegible] with [illegible]

"[illegible] and [illegible] to [illegible] your engagement [illegible]

And the young man gave a sorrowful laugh, which was suddenly checked by the sound of a far-away voice, singing, in a beautiful contralto, a pathetic [illegible].

The words seemed [illegible] vistas of live oaks, re-echo from the green waving branches overhead, and lose themselves in the far distance.

Even the birds seemed to still their carols, and listen to that sweet voice.

"There is Clarisse now.

"She could not have met him on his way home."

As Estcourt spoke, a young lady rode into the upper entrance of the shaded carriage-way, and came directly toward [illegible]. The [illegible] was leisurely walking, but as the fair rider came in sight of the other, she pressed her foot against the animal's side, and as it felt the tiny rowel of the silver spur, it broke into a trot, and rapidly neared the wished-for spot.

"I have done it, Clarisse," were his first words.

"I have pleaded, and he has refused; so I only waited to bid you good-bye!"

"To bid me good-bye?"

And her red lips parted with such a merry laugh that his face partly cleared of the gloomy look it wore.

"Why, how foolishly you talk! As if I, a daughter of Major Randolph, would bow to such a command!

"I thought you gave me credit for possessing more spirit than that! I'm almost angry with you."

"But how can we evade them? You know your father would instantly forbid the banns if published, and——"

"Well, we will outwit the law! I will complain of ill-health, and go to Aunt May's, and you can follow in a few weeks, and we will be quietly married; and so it will be all right in the end."

If the daughter and heiress of old Major Randolph had glanced to her left, among the bushes, she would not have spoken so loudly.

The old gentleman was more shrewd than they thought he was, and had sent a boy to follow her and report her conversation to him.

On reaching home she was summoned to his study, when he laid down the law in a manner not to be mistaken.

"I know your entire plans, and you must keep your room until you give me your promise to renounce your lover for ever! The servants have been instructed to carry nothing for you to Estcourt."

Without even a word, she swept proudly from the room.

As the door closed, he chuckled to himself, and remarked, "When once she gives me her promise, I know she will hold it sacred.

"Some day she will bless the time when she made it, and me for being so harsh. A son of an Estcourt, indeed!"

A week passed by, and Clarisse had gradually grown ill.

The family physician was summoned, but he could give no reason for the feverish symptoms, and the high rate of her pulse.

Another week passed, and no improvement in her condition; instead, she was gradually growing worse.

What could be the cause of her illness passed the doctor's comprehension, and father and daughter were both too haughty to give the real reason.

One evening she grew delirious, and had to be constantly watched.

At last, worn out with the useless struggles, she sank into a quiet sleep.

The two bright scarlet spots on her pale cheeks showed the fever had not gone, but was merely waiting for more strength to again reveal itself.

The moments and hours passed; daylight came, and the watcher who had been [illegible] by her side all night was relieved by another, and had gone to rest.

The sun rose steadily in the east; the notes of the birds and the perfume of the flowers floated through the open windows into the room, and seemed to exercise a salutary influence upon the fair sufferer; her eyelids slowly unclosed, and she was [illegible]

The [illegible] open to allow the fresh air [illegible] and she heard a [illegible]

So [illegible] was for a moment [illegible]

[illegible] went for [illegible] and then [illegible] formed [illegible] for London [illegible] left [illegible] account [illegible]

[illegible] was the first among the [illegible]

A [illegible] through the house, and she fell back upon her pillow in a swoon.

In a few moments the room was filled with excited people, headed by her father, while one of the servants was despatched for the doctor.

* * * * * * *

Fred Estcourt, before leaving Mapleton, had heard the entire story of Clarisse's punishment from one of the servants; so he determined to absent himself for a time, in hopes that the storm would all blow over.

Seating himself in the smoking carriage of a London train he pensively puffed at a fragrant cigar.

Suddenly the carriage seemed floating in the air, then a dull thud threw him from his seat, while the timbers twisted and writhed as if in mortal agony.

The screams of the wounded and moans of the dying filled the air, and a shrill rushing sound of escaping steam was heard above all other noises.

A [illegible] piece of timber lay across his breast pinning him to the floor.

The murmur of voices and flashing of [illegible] told him that the work of rescue [illegible]

[illegible] observed the roof of the carriage growing more distinct.

He watched the increasing light; it was too early yet for daybreak. What could it be?

Suddenly a slight sound was heard, then the scream of a woman.

"Heavens, the wreck is on fire!"

He knew all; but instead of realizing the fearful import of the words, his eyes closed, and his lips seemed to murmur something. Men's voices sounded near his head; a large timber behind him was being removed. As the lower end was severed it fell forward, striking him full on the forehead. He fell back stunned.

Soon the boat drove back the rescuers; they could work no longer; it also seemed to affect him; his eyes unclosed, but a different expression was in them; the light of reason had fled!

* * * * * * *

Evening came at the Randolph estate. The doctor's face looked grave; wild words came from Clarisse's unconscious lips, and gradually the old physician learned the whole story.

The turn of the night came, and the fever partially abated.

The doctor had [illegible] on the sofa for a few [illegible] and had [illegible] the [illegible] had not [illegible] and [illegible] was dozing.

A few moments passed; the sufferer half [illegible] in a sitting posture, glanced around the room, the gleam of madness in those bright blue eyes, a feverish flush in her face, and an unnatural strength in her limbs.

Quietly she slipped from the couch, almost brushing the watcher's clothing as she passed, unlatched the window looking out upon the lawn, swung it noiselessly open, and stepped out.

Once outside, she fled on like a frightened doe; on by the old well and by the little pebbly brooklet that wandered through the grounds, never pausing till she reached the [illegible]

Here she halted for an instant, looked about with a searching air, then hurried towards a new made tomb, and cast herself upon it, calling in pleading accents to that unheeding ear; then her mood changed, a merry laugh rang out among the tombs, as if the grim destroyer was holding high revelry in the city of the dead.

Then that beautiful voice pealed out that pathetic song that Estcourt had heard her carol under the shady carriage-drive, and which he loved so much.

Morning broke, and all was confusion at the house.

Servants were hurrying to and fro, lanterns were flashing among the shrubbery. Clarisse's absence was discovered. But who was that familiar figure who accompanied them?

Were it not for Estcourt's death, we could believe it was he.

"I must have been delirious when taken from the wreck, for I remember nothing till the following morning."

It was Estcourt himself, strangely saved.

At last the searchers approached the cemetery wall.

Estcourt paused a moment, then vaulted over it, and hurriedly approached a new-made tomb.

A glad shout brought the others quickly towards the spot.

As they approached, he knelt by Clarisse's side, and, as the truth flashed upon him, he burst into tears—manly tears that were not weak.

She lay with her dimpled cheek pressed on one white arm, her golden hair falling in a shimmering mass over her white shoulders, her pale face, from which life's light had fled, turned towards heaven, and a glad smile on her lips, as if she already saw her angel mother's arms waiting to receive her, while tightly clasped in one fair hand was a broken lily, his favorite flower.

A single white shaft of marble marks her resting-place, and chiselled on it is the simple inscription, "Clarisse."

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FROM THE OLD WORLD.

From the great London (Eng.) Times.

Among the many specifics introduced to the public for the cure of dyspepsia, indigestion, derangements of various kinds, and as a general family medicine, none have met with such genuine appreciation as Hop Bitters. Introduced to this country but a comparatively short time since, to meet the great demand for a pure, safe and perfect family medicine, they have rapidly increased in favor, until they are, without question, the most popular and valuable medicine known. Its world-wide renown is not due to the advertising it has received; it is famous by reason of its inherent virtues. It does all that is claimed for it. It discharges its curative powers without any of the evil effects of other bitters or medicine, being perfectly safe and harmless for the most frail woman, smallest child, and weakest invalid to use. Few are the homes indeed where the great discovery has not already been hailed as a deliverer and welcomed as a friend. It does what others affect to do. Composed of simple materials, it is a marvel of delicate and successful combination. Nothing is wanting. Every ingredient goes straight to the mark at which it is aimed, and never fails. Pleasant to the palate, agreeable to the stomach and thoroughly effective as a cure, it has won for itself the confidence of all.—*Times*, London, Eng.

A Few Unsolicited Letters From Thousands Received.

Feb. 9, 1882.

I have tried experiments on myself and others with Hop Bitters, and can easily recommend them as a pleasant and efficacious medicine. I have found them specially useful in cases of *congestion* of the *kidneys*, as well as in *bilious derangements*.

Rev. J. MILNER, M. A.

Rector to the Duke of Edinburgh.

U. S. Consulate, MANCHESTER, Eng., Nov. 8, 1882.

Gentlemen:—Since writing you of the great benefit I had derived from taking "Hop Bitters," I gave a friend a bottle, who had been suffering much from dyspepsia and sluggish liver, and the change was marvelous; he appeared another being altogether. He had tried several other remedies without any benefit. I could name over a dozen other miraculous cures.

ARTHUR C. HALL, Consular Clerk.

LONDON, ENG., Sept. 1, 1882.

I am pleased to testify to the good effects of your "Hop Bitters." Have been suffering a long time with severe pain in the left side and across the loins, and having tried a number of so called remedies without any benefit, I am glad to acknowledge the great relief I have obtained from your medicine.

CHARLES WATSON.

COLCHESTER, ENG., Aug. 18, 1882.

Gentlemen:—I was troubled with a very bad form of indigestion for a long time, and tried many things in vain until I got some "Hop Bitters," and on taking was quite cured, and remain so till this time. It is now three months ago since I was bad.

F. BELL.

From Rev. J. C. BOYCE, M. A.

Oct. 30, 1882.

Dear Sirs:—I have lately finished my first bottle of "Hop Bitters," after having for many years suffered acutely from rheumatic gout (inherited) I feel so much better, and can walk so much more freely, should like to continue the use of it. I write to ask how many bottles you will let me have for £1, so that I may always have some in stock.

From Ould Ireland.

Hop Bitters Co. DUBLIN, Nov. 21, 1882.

Gentlemen:—You may be interested to learn that one of the most eminent Judges on the Irish bench (a customer of mine) highly approves of your Hop Bitters, having received great benefit from their use.

T. T. HOLMES, Chemist.

ALEXANDRIA PALACE.
LONDON, ENG., April 18, 1882.

I find Hop Bitters a most wonderful medical combination, healthful, blood-purifying and strengthening. I can, from testimonials as well as from medical knowledge, highly recommend them as a valuable family medicine.

BARBARA WALLACE GOTHARD, Supt.

LONDON, ENG., Feb. 2, 1882.

Gentlemen:—For years I have been a sufferer from [illegible] and from using your Hop Bitters am entirely cured, and can recommend them to all suffering from such disease.

WILLIAM HARRIS.

SHEFFIELD, ENG., June 7, 1882.

Sir:—Having suffered from extreme [illegible], and having tried [illegible] and change of scene without deriving any benefit whatever, I was persuaded by a friend to try Hop Bitters, and the effect, I am happy to say, was most marvellous. Under these circumstances I feel it my duty to give this testimonial for the benefit of others, as I may say I am now entirely well; therefore I can justly and with confidence give personal testimony to any one wishing to call upon me.

Yours truly,
HENRY HALL.

NORWICH, ENG., June 20, 1882.

To the Hop Bitters Co.

Gentlemen:—Having suffered many years from biliousness, accompanied with sickness and dreadful headache (being greatly fatigued with overwork and long hours at business,) I lost all energy, strength and appetite. I was advised by a friend in whom I had seen such beneficial effects to try Hop Bitters, and a few bottles have quite altered and restored me to better health than ever. I have also recommended it to other friends, and am pleased to add with the like result. Every claim you make for it I can fully endorse, and recommend it as an incomparable tonic.

Yours faithfully,
S. W. FITT.

From Germany.

KATZENBACHHOF, GERMANY, Aug. 28, '81.

Hop Bitters Co.

Dear Sirs:—I have taken your most precious essence Hop Bitters—and I can already, after so short a time, assure you that I feel much better than I have felt for months.

I have had, during the course of four years, three times an inflammation of the kidneys. The last, in January, 1880, was the worst, and I [illegible] medicine to cure the same, in consequence of which my stomach got terribly weakened. I suffered from enormous pains and had to bear great torments when taking nourishment, had sleepless nights, but none of the medicine was of the least use to me. Now, in consequence of taking Hop Bitters, these pains and inconveniences have entirely left me, I have a good night's rest, and am sufficiently strengthened for work, while I always had to lay down during the day, and this almost every hour. I shall think it my duty to recommend the Bitters to all who suffer, for I am sure I cannot thank the Lord enough that I came across your preparation, and I hope He will maintain you a long time to come for the welfare of suffering mankind.

Yours very truly,
PAULINE HAUSSLER, geb. Rosler.

From Portugal and Spain.

Gentlemen:—Though not in the habit of praising patent medicines, which for the most part are not only useless but injurious, I have constantly used Hop Bitters for the past four years in cases of indigestion, debility, feebleness of constitution and in all diseases caused by bad ventilation, want of air and exercise, overwork and want of appetite, with the most perfect success.

I am the first who introduced your Hop Bitters in Portugal and Spain, where they are now used very extensively.

Yours very truly,
BARON DE FONTE BELLA.

Profession de chemie et de Pharmacie, Coimbra University, Coimbra, Portugal.

EXCESS OF MODESTY.—Many truly great men have been diffident in company, or have broken down in attempting to speak. Robert Hall made an utter failure the first time he attempted to preach. The great Pitt was exceedingly shy in his private intercourse with men, and even with children was not quite at ease. When Daniel Webster was a schoolboy, he tells us, "Many a piece did I commit to memory and rehearse it over and over again in my room; but when the day came, when the school collected when my name was called, and I saw all eyes turned upon my seat, I could not raise myself from it." Cowper's friends procured him a place as clerk in the House of Lords, where his duties only required him to stand up and read the parliamentary notices and documents. The thought of standing up before such an audience was so terrible to him, that as the time drew on he was in agony of apprehension, and tried to hang himself. So there is no hope for all those who are afflicted with shyness.

RATTLESNAKES.—A favorite antidote for rattlesnake poison in Mexico is, says an exchange, a strong solution of iodine in potassium iodide. The author has tested some of the poison itself with this solution, and finds that a light brown amorphous precipitate is formed, the insolubility of which explains the beneficial action of the antidote. When iodine cannot be readily obtained, a solution of potassium iodide, to which a few drops of ferric chloride have been added, can perhaps be used as an antidote to snake-poison. It is a very convenient test for alkaloids.

NICKEL-PLATING.—A simple process of nickel plating by boiling has been invented. A bath of pure granulated tin tartar and water is prepared, and after being heated to the boiling point, has added to it a small quantity of pure red hot nickle oxide. A portion of the nickel will soon dissolve and give a green color to the liquid over the grains of tin. Articles of copper or brass plunged into this bath acquire in a few minutes a bright metallic coating of almost pure nickel.

Diamond Dyes will color any thing any color and never fail. The easiest and best way to economize. 10 cents at all druggists.

Our Young Folks.

OUR HAPPY FAMILY.

BY JULIA GODDARD.

THE EAGLE'S STORY—[CONTINUED.]

AT last there came a shout, of victory from the colonists, and one loud English cheer that, as it died away, was succeeded by a psalm of thanksgiving."

"And they found them," said Jeff, "and took them away in safety?"

"Yes," answered the eagle, "but with some difficulty, for it was easier to get in the swamp than out of it, but by a miracle they escaped.

"But they did not return to their farm; they went to the settlement, and afterwards moved to a town that was being built."

"Thank you very much," said Jeff.

"I shall often think of the story, and to-night I dare say I shall dream of the Red Indians."

"But you will not be in bed to-night," suggested Eva. "Remember, we are to [illegible]."

Just at that moment the sound of scampering feet was heard, and a loud panting as of some animal in distress, and in another moment the spaniel made his appearance.

"Why, I thought you were going with the other dogs," said Jeff.

"I did think of it," replied the spaniel; "but I've taken a fancy to you and your sister, because you spoke kindly to me.

"You know that our race clings to the human race.

"[illegible] the meanest specimen of our race to the lowest of the poor [illegible] we [illegible] the strongest proofs of their devotion, great experts [illegible] has ever received the smallest token of kindness to them.

"Yes, we care more for the human race than for our own."

"I wish all people thought of this," murmured Eva.

"It would be happier for dogs if they did."

The spaniel looked up gratefully.

He would have licked Eva's hand if she had not been perched up on the elephant [illegible].

"A few pounds more or less make no difference,'" said the elephant, enigmatically; and Eva wondered what that had to do with the spaniel's speech.

But while she was wondering the elephant gently seized the dog with his trunk, and lifted him up beside the children.

"Thank you, thank you! Mr. Elephant," said Eva, patting the elephant's neck; "you are the best, and kindest, and most thoughtful, and——"

"Hush," said he, "don't make me vain."

Eva laughed, and patted him more vigorously than before.

Suddenly she turned to the spaniel.

"We've never asked your name," said she.

"Nor about [illegible]," added Jeff.

"I'll tell you about both, if you would like to hear my story," said the spaniel.

"[illegible] we should [illegible]

"[illegible] Mr. Elephant," said [illegible]

"I should like to hear it," answered the elephant.

"But where do you wish to go next?"

"I should like to see the Kangaroos again, [illegible]."

"Well then we shall have to go through [illegible]."

"Keeper, [illegible]."

"Yes, sir," said the keeper.

[illegible] the [illegible] which [illegible], [illegible] [illegible], saying:

"Where are your manners, sir?"

Then the little cavalcade again moved onward.

THE SPANIEL'S STORY.

EVA seated herself down on the dog's left, Jeff being on the right.

Eva was [illegible] with his long silky ears, and caressing the Spaniel's handsome [illegible].

"Does he not appear tired?" asked Eva.

"Yes, dear, he does," replied Jeff; "and more than once to-night I feel certain I heard him sigh."

The spaniel gave Jeff a kindly paw, then he turned his head and touched Eva over [illegible] on the cheek, just to show that he was [illegible] of their consideration, and quite appreciated it.

"[illegible]," said Rover, for that was the dog's name, "and I'm not sad, though I [illegible] at least, not very sad.

"[illegible]," he continued aloud, his brown eyes filling with earnestness, as he began to [illegible], "it was not my dear old master [illegible] that he parted with me.

[illegible] year, and I inspired by a large [illegible] to [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

THE CHILDREN.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

When the lessons and tasks are all ended,
And the schools for the day is dismissed,
And the little ones gather around me
To bid me good night and be kissed,
Oh, the little white arms that encircle
My neck in a tender embrace!
Oh, the smiles that are halos of heaven,
Shedding sunshine and love on my face!

And when they are gone I sit dreaming
Of my childhood, too lovely to last,
Of love that my heart will remember
When it wakes to the love of the past:
Ere the world and its wickedness made me
A partner of sorrow and sin,
When the glory of God was above me,
And the glory of gladness within.

When my heart grows weak as a woman's,
And fountains of sorrow will flow,
When I think of the paths steep and stony
Where the feet of the dear ones must go;
Of the mountains of sin hanging o'er them,
Of the tempests of fate growing wild:
Oh, there's nothing on earth half so holy
As the innocent heart of a child.

They are idols of hearts and of households,
They are angels of God in disguise,
His sunlight still sleeps on their tresses,
His glory still beams in their eyes;
Oh, those truants from earth and from Heaven
They have made me more manly and mild,
And I know how Jesus could liken,
The kingdom of God to a child.

ON AN OCEAN STEAMER.

IN these days of monster steamships, quick passages, and luxurious ocean travel, we are rather apt to forget how short a time has elapsed since weary voyages in sailing-ships were the only means of communication with distant lands.

And not less than the contrast in speed is the revolution which has taken place in the mode of life on board. But a comparatively few years ago, everyone who ventured on a voyage to a foreign shore, whether he were a bonanza king or a denizen of the forecastle, knew that for weeks or months, as the case might be, he must put up with an unvaried diet of salt beef and salt pork, accompanied by hard biscuit or dried peas, with a very pitiful dole of water daily, and the ever-haunting possibility of supplies running short. Now, the gentleman who pays for a trip of three thousand miles, grumbles if his wine be not iced, and demands daily three good and abundant meals of fresh meat and vegetables.

A passenger steamer of four or five thousand tons may have on board seven hundred souls or more. Two hundred, say, of these will be saloon passengers, a very few second-class, and probably three hundred third-class or steerage passengers. Then there is the crew.

As to the fare we had better make one or rough notes at the bar. Here and in the wine-rooms below we shall find twenty-five thousand bottles of spirits, fifteen hundred bottles of champagne, five thousand of other wines, and ten thousand bottles of various aerated waters. One thousand lemons are suggestive; so are eighty tons of ice. Passing to more innocent beverages, milk appears to be guaranteed by one thousand cans of the condensed article, and five hundred gallons of the fluid "direct from the cow," kept sweet in the refrigerator. One thousand pounds of tea and eighteen hundred pounds of coffee, sweetened with eight thousand pounds of sugar, are comfortable items for those who relish the cheering cup; while twenty thousand gallons of fresh water, brought from the shore, and stored in huge tanks in the hold, with a daily supply of one thousand gallons in addition to the condensers, is a matter of importance both to the inner and outer man.

Now for a few of the eatables, at random. Three thousand five hundred pounds of butter, three thousand hams; sixteen hundred pounds of saloon biscuits—not those applied to the crew; one thousand pounds of "dessert stores"—muscatels, almonds, figs, etc., exclusive of fresh fruits, which are taken in at every port; fifteen hundred pounds of jams and jellies; six thousand pounds of canned meats; one thousand pounds of dried beans, and three thousand six hundred pounds of rice; five thousand pounds of onions; forty tons of potatoes; sixty thousand pounds of flour, and twenty thousand eggs. Fresh vegetables, dead-meat, live bullocks, sheep, pigs, turkeys, geese, ducks, fowls, fish, and casual game, are generally supplied at each port of call, or replenished at the further end of the journey, so that it is difficult to obtain complete estimates of them. Perhaps two dozen bullocks and sixty sheep would be a fair average for the whole voyage, and the rest may be inferred in proportion.

Four thousand sheets, two thousand blankets, eight thousand towels, two thousand pounds of various soaps, two thousand pounds of candles—except in those vessels which are fitted with the electric light—sixteen hundred knives, two thousand two hundred plates, nine hundred cups and saucers, three thousand glasses, eight hundred table-cloths, two thousand glass-cloths—all these are figures exhibited in the providing of one ship alone.

It will be seen that not one tithe part of the commissariat for a big ocean steamer have been enumerated—merely a few extracts of things in daily use, as specimens. The art of condensation of materials and economy of space has probably been studied nowhere to such an extent as it has on ship-board, perforce of necessity, and is carried out even more rigidly in this era of "floating towns" than in the days of smaller craft.

So much attention has now to be paid to decoration, elegance of fittings, and spaciousness of apartments and promenades, that available stowage-room is comparatively more limited than ever. Consequently the builders' ingenuity is racked to the utmost, and we find every mirror, sofa, and panel masking a locker or some other appliance of stern utility.

Grains of Gold.

Every man can boast of one admirer.

One day is worth three to him who does everything in order.

He keeps his road well enough who gets rid of bad company.

It is upon the smooth ice we slip; the roughest path is safest.

Evil is wrought by want of thought as much as by want of heart.

The reward of doing one duty is the power to perform another.

Take plenty of exercise, and you can use your brain as much as you please.

Honest worth clothed in poverty often trembles upon approaching vice throned in wealth.

He who does his best, however little, is always to be distinguished from him who does nothing.

A false friend is like the shadow on the sun-dial—appearing in sunshine, and vanishing in shade.

We have a thousand reasons wherewith to condemn our neighbor, but not one wherewith to excuse him.

Nothing is more important than to understand the subject about which you propose to instruct others.

Never be above your calling, or be afraid to appear dressed in accordance with the business you are performing.

Only that is truly beautiful which either has within it the element of growth, or suggests vital energy as its cause.

The pleasantest things in the world are pleasant thoughts, and the greatest art in life is to have as many of them as possible.

The hay smells the sweetest after it has been cut down, and by the same process many Christian lives are brought to perfection.

Other books may make men learned and wise unto salvation, but only the Bible can make them learned and wise unto salvation.

We often find a thousand excellent excuses for our gravest faults; but if anyone wrongs us in the least, the offence is unpardonable.

It is sometimes pretty hard to decide which gives us more pleasure—to hear ourselves praised, or to hear our neighbors run down.

Discover the opinion of your enemies, which is commonly the truest; for they will give you no quarter, and allow nothing to complaisance.

Uncertainty and ignorance can hardly produce anything but cowardice and rashness; true courage is associated with judgment and reflection.

Never swerve in your conduct from your earnest convictions. Decide because you see reasons for decision, and then act because you have decided.

To understand the world is wiser than to condemn it; to study the world is better than to shun it; and to use the world is nobler than to abuse it.

It will generally be found that those who sneer habitually at human nature, and affect to despise it, are among the worst and least pleasant samples.

We must ever remember that there are things from which we cannot escape—the eye of God, the voice of our conscience, and finally the stroke of death.

Virtue is what man owes to himself. Though there were no Heaven, nor any God to rule the world, virtue would be none the less binding a law of life.

No information however important, no knowledge however useful, is worth anything compared with the habit of continuous application and patient effort.

While we wrangle here in the dark, we are dying and passing to the world that will decide all our controversies; and the safest passage thither is by peaceable holiness.

Femininities.

There are 49 female physicians in Brooklyn, N. Y., of whom 15 are homœopaths.

Recent statistics say that no female member of any Royal family in Europe wears sealskin.

A certain young man calls his sweetheart Silence, because when he wants to kiss her she gives consent.

Woman may be the weaker vessel, but when she shrieks she can be heard a good deal further than a man.

A story-writer has finished a sketch called "Lifted Out of Herself," in which the heroine went yachting and got sea-sick.

A fashionable mother in Whitechapel is said to have rouged her baby's cheeks for baptism, as "it was pale that morning."

Light-weight husbands are wondering how David Davis will get to his room at 2 a. m. without making the stairs creak.

Women are such queer creatures that no man can understand them. Indeed, it has been generally conceded that the only way to find a woman out is to call when she is not in.

In New York 40,000 women and girls support themselves by their own labor, and 80,000 other women maintain themselves and their husbands by manual labor and by brain work.

By a vote of 66 to 52 the Massachusetts House adopted a resolution providing for a constitutional amendment allowing women lawyers to be notaries public and justices of the peace.

We have heard hundreds of girls say they wouldn't marry the best man that ever lived, but have generally found that they were quite willing to wed the best man that would have them.

For heroic, but vain, endeavors to look pleased, says a crusty old bachelor, nothing can equal the facial expression of two girls compelled to dance with each other on account of the scarcity of men.

A police judge at St. Joseph, Mich., remarked, in dismissing a case the other day: "I shall dismiss every case of woman-insulting where it can be shown that the woman first flirted with the accused."

"In Lambeth," writes a subscriber, "there is a piano that was built in 1810. It is still capable of putting the next door neighbor into spasms, when the right girl is present to do the pounding."

General Sherman kisses every girl to whom he is introduced, and it is noticeable that the prettier a girl is the harder it is to remember her, and he sometimes has to be introduced to the same girl a dozen times.

"You wouldn't take me for a married man, would you?" asked a student of a Manayunk girl last Sunday night. "I rather think I would if you should ask me," was the response. He bought a ring the next day.

"Never marry for wealth," says an author on life, etc., but remember that it is just as easy to love a girl who has a good house, with an estate attached, as one who has nothing but an auburn head and an amiable disposition.

A little girl in Denver, Col., wandered out in the street, plaintively asking for some one to "please come and wake my mamma up." Finally two men accompanied her home, and found her mother dead from heart disease.

A woman of Medina, Ohio, coughed more or less for nineteen years before she threw up a shirt-button and found relief. You can imagine how her husband, too, must have been suffering, with that button off his shirt all those years.

The complete costume of a fashionable lady of the Friendly Islands has recently been presented to the Public Library of Woburn, Mass. It is a square blanket tatooed with various devices, and made from wood-pulp, or rather bark pulp.

At St. Helen's, Australia, a large poster ornaments the window of a shop in a side street with the startling heading, "Matrimonial Agency," and proceeds to quote the terms on which introductions with a view to marriage will be undertaken.

Sadly ungallant is the fickle Mr. Biggar, M. P. A friend asked him, just after he had been condemned by the court to pay £2,000 to Miss Hyland, "Why did you kiss her foot?" "Because," growled the M. P., "it was handsomer than her face."

Woman! Well, I don't know what to say good enough of you; but a blessing on the man that invented you, for there would be neither fun nor trouble in the world without you—(we forget the name of the author—he must have been a married man).

The child who is clothed warmly, cleanly, and neatly, is far better dressed than one whose attire shows it to be a victim to the votaress of fashion. The one has a chance of turning out a healthy man or woman, and a useful member of society; the other has not.

At a fashionable wedding in New York the other day the ceremony was performed under a floral umbrella. This was probably a little suggestion of the bride's mother, who wanted the groom to understand by the emblem that he ought to put up something for a rainy day.

A Scotch lady, whose daughter was recently married, was asked by an old friend whether she might congratulate her upon the event. "Yes, yes," she answered; "upon the whole it is very satisfactory; it is true Jeannie hates her gude man, but then there is always a something."

The safe rule of politeness as advanced by a street-car conductor is to address every woman under twenty-five as Miss, and all beyond that age as Madam, or Mum, as the case may seem to warrant. To call a young woman madam, or one not young, miss, is to make the balmiest day in June frigid for the conductor.

Most girls, almost from babyhood, if permitted to be with their mothers in the kitchen, love to see the work done—particularly the cooking; and nothing delights them more than to be allowed to attempt to make some simple article themselves. This early play will not be forgotten. Girls that grow up under such training or indulgence will have no fear of the real care when it comes to them as a duty.

News Notes.

It is estimated that 32,000,000 human beings die every year.

San Francisco has a worse record for divorces than Chicago or St. Louis.

Nazareth has just had a telegraph office, the first opened in the Holy Land.

A little Atlanta boy denounced his snoring brother for "sleeping through his nose."

The enormous sum of $40,000,000,000 is said to be invested in railways in Great Britain.

Landscapes have been photographed from the windows of a train running over forty miles an hour.

We have $1,059,000,000 cash in the country, of which $1,262,000,000 is engaged in carrying on business.

A Boston firm recently shipped a lot of base balls to the students of Roberts College at Constantinople.

The reply post cards are regarded as a failure in England, because they have not come into general use.

An Ashland, Ohio, wife recently became the mother of a perfectly healthy babe weighing less than one pound.

There are almost as many dogs as children in Berkley county, Va., mongrels of every degree and description.

At Fern Bank, below Cincinnati, a floating house was stopped, and in one of the rooms was found a baby sleeping in its cradle.

Pouring oil on the troubled waters is now spoken of as a new thing by some scientific journals. It was used in the days of Aristotle.

A British oculist, writing for a London medical journal, says that as culture of intellect increases the human eye grows smaller.

Here is a bit of dramatic criticism taken from a Georgia paper: "Miss Mollie Anderson is sweeter than the Georgia sweet potato."

A recent letter from Honolulu, Hawaii, says that King Kalakaua's "army" consists of 40 soldiers, exclusive of bands and attendants.

An enterprising firm of clothiers in Providence advertises that a base ball and bat will be given to each purchaser of a suit of boys' clothes.

The Virginia Court of Appeals adjourned the other day because Judge Richardson had dislocated a rib laughing at Judge Lacey's joke.

A sexton who was digging a grave in the Santander (Mexico) Cemetery, dug up a coffin containing jewels to the value of many thousand dollars.

A man in Lawrence, Mass., offers a prize to anyone who will decipher a letter he received years ago from Horace Greeley, and has never been able to read.

Miss Catherine Wolfe, the reputed $15,000,000 heiress of New York, says she has on an average one offer of marriage every day from unknown suitors.

The largest vessels in the English navy cost a million and a quarter dollars to build, and nearly a thousand dollars a day to keep them at sea afterward.

As sleeves have disappeared from the waists of evening dresses, gloves have developed in length, until now they come sufficiently long to reach the shoulder.

The Berlin postoffice has adopted the practice of sending an agent around to pay money orders. As a result one carrying $7,000 has been robbed and murdered.

A paper watch has been exhibited by a Dresden watchmaker. The paper is prepared in such a manner that the watch is said to be as serviceable as those in ordinary use.

The latest fashion in fashionable stationary—set by the Princess of Wales and the Queen of Spain,—is note paper decorated with embossed devices imitating coins bearing their arms.

A young man died in Rome, Ga., a few days ago, after an illness of forty-eight hours, and his physician said his death was due to congestion of the lungs, caused by smoking cigarettes.

Baron Krupp, the great German iron founder, and the manufacturer of the celebrated Krupp gun, is probably the largest employer of labor in the world, his industrial army numbering 23,000 people.

At a recent execution in Japan it took thirteen strokes of the sword to decapitate the criminal. The edge of the instrument had been purposely dulled, in order to make the death agony as great as possible.

One of the best foreign criticisms ever passed upon America was that of Herbert Spencer, who said that every American appeared to have been born half an hour late, and to be trying to make up for lost time.

According to a recent speech in the Cortes, the Spanish army is surprisingly over-generalled, having one general to every 316 men. In France the proportion is one to 1,561, in England, one to 1,750; and in Germany one to 1,314.

A Danish sailor, in a ship sailing off Cape Lewis, West Australia, went aloft with a can of oil and was pitched overboard. The oil left such a trail on the sea that the man was traced and picked up more than an hour after the accident.

WHERE THERE IS A WEAKNESS OF THE THROAT OR LUNGS, a cold unheeded may be all that is required to establish a lingering and generally fatal disease. Even where there is no special tendency to Bronchial or Pulmonary trouble, a severe Cold, left to take care of itself, often plants the seeds of a serious complaint, sure to be developed by subsequent indiscretions. Take especial care of your health, therefore, from the very earliest symptoms of a Cough or Cold, by prudently resorting to Dr. Jayne's Expectorant, which will soothe and strengthen the Bronchial Tubes, allay inflammation, and cleanse them and the lungs of all irritating substances. An ounce of prevention is better than a pound of cure.

THE TYPE'S MISTAKES.

THE editor of a "society" journal, in his description of a bride wrote:—

"Her feet were encased in shoes that might have been taken for fairy boats."

Imagine his consternation on beholding:—

"Her feet were encased in shoes that might have been taken for ferry boats."

A newspaper published in the rural districts affirmed that a young lady at an amateur concert, won a deserved encore by the exquisite taste with which she rendered "An Angel's Whisker."

In a certain discourse, a celebrated preacher said:—

"While men slept the devil, sowed tares. A religious paper reported him as having said "sawed trees."

A lad, in a poem which he was "setting up," saw the word "Heart."

Not conversant with mythological lore, he was ignorant that Hecate was the goddess of the infernal regions.

He did flatter himself that his orthographical ability was of no mean order, and when the poem appeared in print, one line read:—

"Shall reign the He cat of the deepest hell."

Of a "place-hunter" a friendly editor wrote:—

"He has secured a position in the custom-house, as his well-known capacity convinced us he would."

We venture to say the aspirant for political preferment was not gratified when he perceived that, according to the paper his success was due to his "well known rapacity."

"How to Make Babes Grow; Soak them in boiling water, and let them dry in the sun," says the typos.

The editor explained that bulbs not babes was meant.

A bachelor, melancholy and poetical, wrote some verses for the village paper, in which he expressed the wish that the time would soon arrive when he should

—"rest calmly within a shroud,
With a weeping willow by his side."

To his inexpressible horror and disgust, it was printed:—

"When I shall rest within a shawl,
With a weeping widow by my side."

Perhaps no man was ever more disturbed a trifle than the reporter who, concerning the appearance of the belle of the town at a picnic, intended to say, "She looked as *fair*," and found the types had, "She looked all feet."

Doctor Gildersleeve, concerning the burial of a dearly-loved youth, wrote:—

"Disconsolate friends stood riveted to the spot."

By the removal of a letter from one, and its insertion in another word, the printer caused him to say, "Disconsolate fiends stood riveted to the sport."

Somewhat closely allied to these typographical perversities is the very perspicuous language in which papers occasionally convey intelligence.

Several years since, in a sheet published at Belfast, we saw, in an account of a riot, "Two shots were fired at——; the first killed him, but the second was not fatal."

Another paper asserts that "A gentleman this morning, laid an egg on our table that weighs all of four ounces."

But slightly less wonderful than the fact of a gentleman "laying an egg" is the lightness of the table upon the strange occurrence took place.

A newspaper lately told of a minister who, within the past two and a half years, had attended over eighty funerals, adding, "More than half of them were members of this church."

One cannot but regard that a remarkable church whose membership is composed of funerals!

FINDING DIAMONDS.—The soil, when brought to the summit, is carted away and strewn on the ground, where it is left for a fortnight or three weeks to pulverize in the sun. At the expiration of this time gangs of Kaffirs, superintended by a white overseer, break the large, dry lumps into powder, and this in turn is carted away to be placed in the washing-machine. It is during the process of first breaking that some of the largest diamonds are discovered, and the overseer has to keep a sharp lookout on the workers in consequence. In spite of the terrible penalty incurred by any one detected in the act of secreting a great find, thefts are very rife, and many a diamond finds its way into Kaffir possession in spite of the sharpest vigilance. During the process of washing the gravelly substance, which is full of garnets as well as the diamond, sinks to the bottom of the machine, while the earthen substance disappears in another channel. When it has been thoroughly washed through two or three times, this gravel is collected and strewn on tables, where searchers, with steel instruments somewhat resembling very broad knives, carefully turn it over in minute search. Then it is that the precious jewel is discovered in all manner of sizes and shapes, when it is placed in a small tray, on which another overseer keeps his watchful eye.

SWEET MEETS.—Lovers' trysts.

EASILY PROVEN.—It is easily proven that malarial fevers, constipation, torpidity of the liver and kidneys, general debility, nervousness, and neuralgic ailments yield readily to this great disease conqueror, Hop Bitters. It repairs the ravages of disease by converting the food into rich blood, and it gives new life and vigor to the aged and infirm always.

Humorous.

Deer-got meat—Venison.

Religious grounds—Church sites.

Only the tool of designing men—A crayon.

Where does water resemble a gymnast? Where it makes a spring.

"Board Wanted"—As the young lady said when she came to a mud puddle in the sidewalk.

"I'll join you presently," as the minister said to the young couple, as he went off for the church-key.

Money is called the great circulating medium because men have to circulate lively to get a medium amount of it.

A specimen monopolist is the fellow who takes his half of the bed in the middle, and makes his companion fight for a place to rest.

It is the little things that fret and worry us. A three-year-old boy may keep a man in perfect misery, whereas no such trial would accompany the presence of his 18-year-old sister.

A reporter of a New York paper went to see the panorama of "Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress." On being refused admittance, without paying, he said, "Let me see Mr. Bunyan, then; he'll admit me."

A certain doctor says there are seven thousand species of fish known to men of science. When a man sits on a river bank half a day watching a cork idly floating on the stream, and comes home with a burned nose and not a single specimen of these seven thousand species, he is inclined to doubt the assertion.

The latest joke about King Kalakaua, of the Sandwich Islands, is that he cannot help being a good man. The reason assigned is that his ancestors ate so much missionary in their time that it worked into their system and was transmitted to their descendants. Missionaries who are eaten are, after all, not wasted, it would appear.

Loss of Stock by Pneumonia.

We are in receipt of two large orders from the practical business manager of the Midway Park Stables, St. Paul, Minn., who has, in all probability, handled more stock than any other gentleman in the country, and when he rises to declare HUMPHREYS' VETERINARY SPECIFICS the most prompt, efficient and safe remedies known, we realize he is one of the many to whom they have proved a specie value. Space admits of but the met purport of the communication which we place before our readers: "Please give our orders immediate attention, as Lung Fever is raging in an epidemic form in our stables, and we would rather chance Humphreys' Veterinary Specifics than any veterinary medicine we have ever tried. We have had twenty-seven cases of pneumonia in our stables, and have not lost a case yet; the Specifics work like a charm." Thousands and thousands of dollars in stock are lost every year from pneumonia; horses, cattle, sheep, hogs, and even dogs and fowl, die with it—every one of which might have been saved by reasonable care and the use of Humphreys' Veterinary Specifics. Geo. E. Waring, Esq., author of "Ogden Farm Papers," Dr. J. W. Weldon, the eminent turfman and physician; James Wallace, N. Y. R. R. Co.; H. J. Cornell; Chas. Mosher; Owen Wood; National Milk Co.,—all prominent stock owners, concur in the statement—Humphreys' Veterinary Specifics are incomparably the most simple, economical and efficient horse and stock remedies in use. They are, in short, to the stables what the Family Specifics have proved to the household. Send for pamphlet. Address, Humphreys Homeopathic Medicine Co., 109 Fulton St., New York.

$83 Organs for Only $39.

The offer made on the 15th page, by Mayor Beatty, of an $83 organ for $39, is worth the attention of intending purchasers. This offer must be accepted within ten days from the date of this paper. The organ will be packed and charges paid to its destination. After ten days has expired the price will again be advanced to $85. Mr. Beatty reports his business for the past four months as follows: His shipments have been—December, 1,410 organs; January, 1,362 organs; February, 1,102 organs; March, 1,235 organs, besides some 543 piano fortes. His factory is taxed to its capacity, running day and night.

Superfluous Hair.

Madame Wambold's Specific permanently removes Superfluous Hair without injuring the skin. Send for circular. Madame WAMBOLD, 26 Sawyer Street, Boston, Mass.

☞ **When our readers answer any Advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by naming the Saturday Evening Post.**

NERVOUS-DEBILITY

Vitale Weakness and Prostration, from overwork or indiscretion, is radically and promptly cured by

HUMPHREYS' HOMEOPATHIC SPECIFIC No. 28.

Been in use 20 years, and is the most successful remedy known. Price $1 per vial, or 5 vials and large vial of powder for $5, sent post free on receipt of price.

Humphreys' Homeopathic Medicine Co., 109 Fulton Street, New York

WILBOR'S COMPOUND OF
PURE COD LIVER OIL AND LIME.

Wilbor's Compound of Pure Cod-Liver Oil and Lime. The advantage of this compound over the plain Oil is, that the nauseating taste of the Oil is entirely removed, and the whole rendered entirely palatable. The offensive taste of the Oil has long acted as a great objection to its use; but in this form the trouble is entirely obviated. A host of certificates might be given here to testify to the excellence and success of "*Wilbor's Compound of Cod-Liver Oil and Lime*," but the fact that it is regularly prescribed by the medical faculty is sufficient. Sold by the proprietor, A. B. WILBOR, Chemist, Boston, and all druggists.

DR. RADWAY'S
SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.
The Great Blood Purifier.

FOR THE CURE OF CHRONIC DISEASE.

SCROFULOUS OR SYPHILITIC, HEREDITARY OR CONTAGIOUS.

Chronic Rheumatism, Scrofula, Glandular Swelling, Hacking Dry Cough, Cancerous Affections, Syphilitic Complaints, Bleeding of the Lungs, Dyspepsia, Water Brash, White Swelling, Tumors, Hip Diseases, Mercurial Diseases, Female Complaints, Gout Dropsy, Bronchitis, Consumption.

For the cure of

SKIN DISEASES,

ERUPTIONS ON THE FACE AND BODY, PIMPLES, BLOTCHES, SALT RHEUM, OLD SORES, ULCERS, **Dr. Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent** excels all remedial agents. It purifies the blood, restoring health and vigor; clear skin and beautiful complexion secured to all.

Liver Complaints, Etc.,

Not only does the Sarsaparillian Resolvent excel all remedial agents in the cure of Chronic Scrofulous, Constitutional and Skin Diseases, but it is the only positive cure for

Kidney and Bladder Complaints

Urinary and Womb Diseases, Gravel, Diabetes, Dropsy, Stoppage of Water, Incontinence of Urine, Bright's Disease, Albuminuria, and in all cases where there are brick-dust deposits, or the water is thick, cloudy or mixed with substances like the white of an egg, or threads like white silk, or there is a morbid, dark, bilious appearance and white bone-dust deposits, and where there is a pricking, burning sensation when passing water, and pain in the small of the back and along the loins.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

One bottle contains more of the active principles of medicine than any other preparation. Taken in Teaspoonful Doses, while others require five or six times as much. **One Dollar Per Bottle.**

R. R. R.
RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.
The Cheapest and Best Medicine for Family Use in the World.

COUGHS, COLDS, INFLAMMATIONS, FEVER AND AGUE CURED AND PREVENTED.

DR. RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, DIPHTHERIA, INFLUENZA, SORE THROAT, DIFFICULT BREATHING,

RELIEVED IN A FEW MINUTES

By Radways' Read Relief.

MALARIA
IN ITS VARIOUS FORMS,
FEVER AND AGUE.

There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague, and all other Malarious, Bilious, Scarlet, Typhoid, Yellow and other fevers, aided by RADWAY'S PILLS) so quick as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

Looseness, Diarrhœa, or painful discharges from the bowels are stopped in fifteen or twenty minutes by taking Radway's Ready Relief. No congestion or inflammation, no weakness or lassitude, will follow the use of the R. R. Relief.

ACHES AND PAINS.

For headache, whether sick or nervous, toothache, neuralgia, nervousness and sleeplessness, rheumatism, lumbago, pains and weakness in the back, spine, or kidneys; pains around the liver, pleurisy, swelling of the joints, pains in the bowels, heartburn and pains of all kinds, Radway's Ready Relief will afford immediate ease, and its continued use for a few days effect a permanent cure. Price, 50 cents.

RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS.
Perfect Purgative, Soothing Aperient, Act Without Pain, Always Reliable, and Natural in Their Operations.

A VEGETABLE SUBSTITUTE FOR CALOMEL.

Perfectly Tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse, and strengthen. RADWAY'S PILLS for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals or deleterious drugs.

☞ Observe the following symptoms resulting from Diseases of the Digestive Organs: Constipation, Inward Piles, Fulness of the Blood in the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust of Food, Fulness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a lying posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Chest, Limbs, and Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above-named disorders.

Price, 25 Cents Per Box.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

READ "FALSE AND TRUE."

Send a letter stamp to RADWAY & CO., No. 32 Warren Street, New York.

☞ Information worth thousands will be sent to you.

TO THE PUBLIC.

Be sure and ask for Radway's, and see that the name "Radway" is on what you buy.

WORTH SENDING FOR! Dr. J. H. Schenck has just published a book on **DISEASES OF THE LUNGS** AND HOW TO CURE THEM, which is offered FREE, postpaid, to all applicants. It contains much information for all who suppose themselves afflicted with, or liable to any disease of the throat or lungs. Mention this paper. Address Dr. J. H. SCHENCK & SON, Philadelphia, Pa.

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give Express & P. O. address. DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

Is a highly concentrated extract of Sarsaparilla and other blood-purifying roots, combined with Iodide of Potassium and Iron, and is the safest, most reliable, and most economical blood-purifier that can be used. It invariably expels all blood poisons from the system, enriches and renews the blood, and restores its vitalizing power. It is the best known remedy for Scrofula and all Scrofulous Complaints, Erysipelas, Eczema, Ringworm, Blotches, Sores, Boils, Tumors, and Eruptions of the Skin, as also for all disorders caused by a thin and impoverished, or corrupted, condition of the blood, such as Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Rheumatic Gout, General Debility, and Scrofulous Catarrh.

Inflammatory Rheumatism Cured.

"AYER'S SARSAPARILLA has cured me of the Inflammatory Rheumatism, with which I have suffered for many years.

W. H. MOORE."

Durham, In., March 2, 1882.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists; $1, six bottles for $5.

AUTOMATIC ORGANS, ONLY $5.00. Circulars free. Harbach Organ Co., Philada., Pa.

Landreth's Earliest Cabbage

Ten days earlier than any other cabbage, and producing well-formed conical heads remarkably large size for so early a ripener. Whoever plants it will be amazed at its early maturity; and if he be a market-gardner, will be able to place it in the market ahead of all competitors.

We have reports of this variety reaching ten pounds in weight remarkable considering its extreme earliness.

LANDRETH'S RURAL REGISTER AND ALMANAC, containing full catalogue of Landreth's Celebrated Garden, Field, and Flower seeds, with directions for culture in English and German. Also, catalogue of implements and tools, free of charge.

Price lists, wholesale and retail, furnished upon application. Landreth's seeds are in sealed packages, with name and full directions for culture.

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Everything in Dry Goods, Wearing Apparel and Housekeeping Appointments sent by mail, express or freight, according to circumstances—subject to return and refund of money if not satisfactory. Catalogue, with details, mailed on application.

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We have the largest retail stock in the United States.

DRY GOODS BY MAIL!

Over Three-Quarters of a Million in Stock. All bought for cash, and sold at lowest cash prices. Dress Goods, Silks, Shawls, Trimmings, Hosiery, Upholstery, Fancy Goods, Ladies' Dresses, Wraps, Underwear, Ties, Laces, Gents' Furnishing Goods, Infants', Boys' and Girls' Outfits, &c. Samples, information, etc. "SHOPPING GUIDE" free on application.

COOPER & CONARD, 9th & Market St., Philada.

☞ Please say where you saw this Advertisement.

LADIES WE GIVE the SOCIAL VISITOR. largest and best story paper. 6 Months on trial, and a Beautiful GOLDEN WORK BOX, containing 100 Best Needles; 2 Steel Bodkins; 1 Set Darners, 2 short and 2 extra fine Darners; 1 Wool, 2 Yarn, 1 Worsted, 1 Mottle, 2 Carpet and 2 Button Needles; 1 Safety Pin; 1 Gold-Plated Thimble Scale; 1 Elegant Silver-Plated Thimble; 1 Beautiful Gold-Plated Lace Pin, and 1 pair Elegant Lake George Diamond Earrings, for 50 cts. Stamps taken. This great offer is made to introduce our paper in new homes. We guarantee the premiums above cannot be bought at any store for less than $1.25. Satisfaction guaranteed, or money refunded. Order NOW, and secure a Big Bargain.

Address The Social Visitor, Box 3129, Boston, Mass.

SWAYNES PILLS Important to the Sick! Symptoms indicate disease, a continuance, days of suffering,—perchance Death. Symptoms are, impure blood, costiveness, irregular appetite, headache, sour beliching, sore-ness in back, groins and side, heart pains, giddiness, foul color to stools and urine, hot and cold sensations, yellow skin. "SWAYNE'S PILLS" cure by gently restoring all corrupt matter, regulating and nourishing the system. 25 cents, (in stamps), box of 30 pills; 5 boxes $1.00, at Druggists or by mail. Address, DR. SWAYNE & SON, Philadelphia, Pa.

Bevel Edge Cards, Designs for 1884. Send 10c. for 50 Chromo Cards with name; our Latest yet. Agents say "Your cards sell best." Large Sample Book and full outfit 20c. Quickest returns. Give us a trial order. Clinton & Co. North Haven, Ct.

OPIUM MORPHINE HABIT. No pay till cured. Ten years established. 1,000 cured. State case. Dr. Marsh, Quincy, Mich.

$65 A MONTH and board for **TEACHERS** in a light, pleasant business. Address, P. W. ZIEGLER & CO., 915 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

LANDRETH'S SEEDS ARE THE BEST. DAVID LANDRETH & SONS, 21 and 23 S. Sixth St., Phila., Pa.

50 SATIN ENAMEL CHROMO CARDS, latest out name on 10c. 13 pks. $1. Ill. List and Large Sample Book, 25c. F. W. AUSTIN, New Haven, Ct.

50 gold, silver & Enameled Cards, just out, no 2 transparent with name 10c. 13 packs & a Silver Sugar Shell or Gold Ring for $1. Acme Card Co., East River, Ct.

40 Gold and Silver Chromo Cards, no 2 alike, with name 10c. postpaid. G. I. Reed & Co., Nassau, N. Y.

IT PAYS to sell our Rubber Printing Stamps. Samples free. MITTEN & CO., Cleveland, Ohio.

"Presenting the Bride" Heard From

Lewis, N. Y., April 18, '83.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Your magnificent premium picture, "Presenting the Bride," at hand, and think it very beautiful. I am greatly pleased with it, and thank you very much for such a beautiful present. I have shown it to quite a number of people, and they all say it is the prettiest and richest premium they have ever had the pleasure of beholding. Will do all that lies in my power to increase your subscription list.

E. S.

Belmont, Wisc., April 18, '83.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Your premium picture, "Presenting the Bride," was duly received, and am more than pleased with it. It is by far the handsomest picture I ever saw.

A. A. H.

Auburn, Mich., April 19, '83.

Editor Post—I received the picture, "Presenting the Bride," in due time, and all who have seen it are delighted with it. You may look for some subscribers from me shortly, as many of my friends expressed a desire to subscribe, and how could they feel otherwise, with such a paper, and such a premium?

S. R.

Sevierville, Tenn, April 16, '83.

Editor Post—The premium picture, "Presenting the Bride" received, and I consider it grand. I have shown it to several of my friends, and each and every one of them pronounce it beautiful.

J. A. H.

Marengo, Ill., April 17, '83.

Editor Post—I received your premium picture yesterday all sound, and am very much pleased with it. It is far ahead of the premiums usually offered by newspapers, and certainly ought to bring you many subscribers. Am quite proud of it.

M. J. S.

Cuba, N. Y., April 18, '83.

Editor Post—Your premium, "Presenting the Bride," came to hand all right. I cannot find language to express my thanks to you for the beautiful premium. I have received many premiums, but yours leads them all. Will send some subscriptions soon.

M. E. D.

Carthage, Mo., April 19, '83.

Editor Post—Your premium, "Presenting the Bride," is indeed a beautiful gift of art, and cannot fail to please the most fastidious. Many thanks.

L. R.

Columbus, O., April 15, '83.

Editor Post—I received my Photo-Oleograph, "Presenting the Bride," and think it very beautiful. Had it framed and hung up two hours after its arrival. It is admired by everybody.

F. M. S.

Laporte, Ind., April 19, '83.

Editor Post—I received my premium last night, and think it very beautiful. I will with pleasure aid you in raising your subscription list, and I think I can get a great many subscribers for you.

R. K.

Nishnabotna, Mo., April 16, '83.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—The picture, "Presenting the Bride," has come to hand, and in good condition. I am much pleased with it, indeed. I have shown it to some of my neighbors, and they all unite with me in voting it beautiful. Will send you some subscribers soon.

L. L. L.

Prestonsburg, Ky., March 18, '83.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—I received the beautiful picture, "Presenting the Bride," in due time, and am very much pleased with it. It is far ahead of my most sanguine expectations. Shall see what I can do for you in the way of subscribers.

G. B. D.

Columbus, Ind., April 17, 83,

Editor Post—It are received my picture, "Presenting the Bride," and was surprised at its marvelous beauty. I am well pleased with it. I have shown it to several of my friends, and all say it is the handsomest and most valuable premium they ever saw.

J. S.

Hamilton, Mo., April 15, '83.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—My beautiful premium Photo-Oleograph, "Presenting the Bride," came duly to hand, and it is even better than you claimed it to be. I will see what I can do for you in the way of new subscribers.

D. S. C.

Saratoga, N. C., April 19, '83.

Editor Post—I have received premium, "Presenting the Bride." It far surpasses my most sanguine expectations—perfectly lovely! Will get some subscribers for you.

P. S. H.

Brantford, Kans., April 18, '83.

Editor Post—The picture premium, "Presenting the Bride," received. It is beautiful, and I am very much pleased with it. All who have seen the picture think it is just superb. Expect to get you numerous subscribers in a few days.

J. F.

Montgomery, Ky., April 18, '83.

Editor Post—"Presenting the Bride" was delivered to me yesterday, and am highly pleased with it. We consider it a gem. Have given it a conspicuous place in our gallery for the inspection of our friends.

F. W. S.

St. Joe, Mo., April 18, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Paper and premium received. The Post is a splendid literary journal. And the picture is very handsome. Am greatly pleased with it. Everyone who has seen the picture considers it grand.

N. J. A.

Mt. Union, Iowa., April 16, '82.

Editors Post—I received my premium for The Post, for which accept thanks. It is the most beautiful premium I ever saw.

W. S.

Facetiæ.

Why are boots like door-mats? Because they are worn by the feet.

If you should happen to want your ears pierced, just pinch the baby.

Cattle earn their daily bread in summer by the sweat of their browse.

"Never put off until to-morrow" doesn't apply to a creditor; put him off as long as possible.

Hens may be a little backward on eggs; but they never fail to come to scratch when flower-beds are concerned.

A glass coffin is the latest invention. This will give the deceased a chance to see what kind of a procession he has.

Mrs. Brownstone says if she has a dog she wants one of those great Sarah Bernhardt dogs that dig those dear old monks out of the snow in Switzerland.

The insurance company may advertise the risks it is willing to take, but it never speaks of the risk the policy-holder runs of the president trying a change of air.

"And don't you forget it," is now fashionably rendered in aesthetic circles. "And do not permit the impression to be obliterated from the cells of your recollection."

If the report that Gen. Sherman kisses every girl to whom he is introduced, has any truth in it, we don't wonder that so many of our young men have military ambition.

AGENTS WANTED

Penn Mutual
LIFE INSURANCE CO.
No. 921 Chestnut St.,
PHILADELPHIA.
ASSETS.....$7,850,000
SURPLUS.....$1,250,000
SAMUEL C. HUEY, Pres.
PURELY MUTUAL.
Dividends annually. Policies non-forfeiting for their value. Endowment policies issued at life rates.
Agents Wanted.
Apply to H. S. STEPHENS Vice-President.

Champion WASHING MACHINE.
Agents wanted in every county; the best, cheapest, and the best-selling Washer ever invented. It occupies no more room than a wringer; is strong, durable and simple, and is easily operated; and saves over half the time and labor in washing. Send for a Price-list. Large discount to the Trade and Agents.
SEAMAN & CO., Millport, N. Y.

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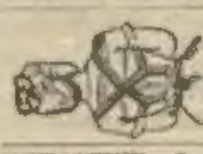
We want you all to send for our new Catalogue and Special Offer on all styles of **India Ink, Water Colors, and Oil Portraits**. *We guarantee satisfaction in all cases.* To any reliable man or woman who will act as our agents, we offer greater inducements than any house in the world.
STANDARD COPYING CO.,
49 and 51 Genesee Street, Auburn, N. Y.
A. JAEGER, Manager. Please mention this paper.

MARK TWAIN'S NEW BOOK
"LIFE ON THE MISSISSIPPI," is proving the *grandest success* of all the Twain Series. A genuine bonanza to BOOK AGENTS.
For terms and territory address,
DOUGLASS BROS., 53 N. 7th St., Philada., Pa.



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WANTED.—Ladies and young men wishing to earn $1 to $3 every day quietly at their homes; work furnished; sent by mail; no canvassing; no stamps required for reply. Please address Edward F. Davis & Co., 58 South Main St., Fall River, Mass.

$600 A YEAR AND EXPENSES PAID agents to sell our goods to merchants and consumers or distribute circulars. Contract and Samples 15c. for postage. THE AMERICAN TEA CO., Chicago, Ill.

AGENTS WANTED for the best and fastest-selling Pictorial Books and Bibles. Prices reduced 33 per cent. NATIONAL PUBLISHING CO., Philad'a, Pa.

AGENTS can now grasp a fortune. Outfit worth $10 free. Address E. G. RIDEOUT & CO., 10 Barclay St., N. Y.

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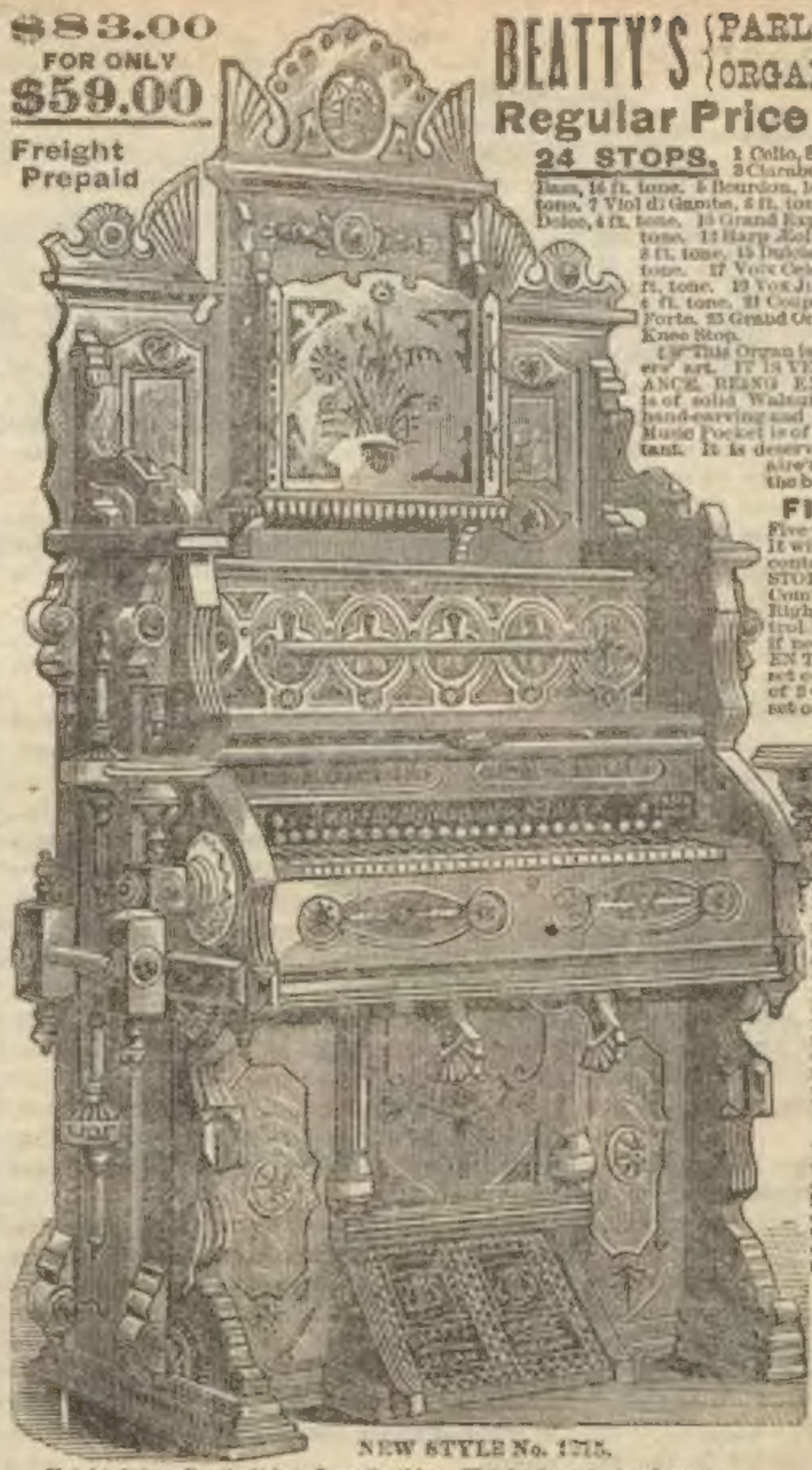

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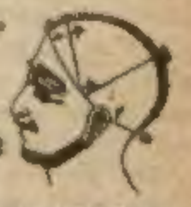

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Ladies' Department.

FASHION CHAT.

ALL the shops are showing their spring fashions and novelties in every department.

The silken fabrics and fancy satteens are tasteful in design, beautiful in texture and color, and there is great variety in them, as well as in the light woollens and cashmeres. To begin with the silks,—there is a rich satin brocade, with embossed gold or silver flowers, intended for trains, to be made up with satin de Lyons or ottoman silk. There are several varieties of ottoman; the plain with narrow cord, the wider cords, or Muscovite, and an effective Velours Victoria, with thick cord, and a rich glossy look.

Gros grains are again in favor, also corded Satin de Lyons. In lighter, but equally rich fabrics, are the silk canvas grenadines with velvet brochè in black, violet, white and black, and exquisite shades of gray.

Some of the velvet brochè designs are surrounded by dark grey or jet beads, adding greatly to the effect.

Gauze brochè on a velvet ground is a novelty; also grenadine soutache, which has the design in satin brochè, outlined with fine silk cord.

Fancy grenadine gauze with clusters of chenille drops at distances are also novel, and will be fashionable for full dress mantles and costumes, combined with satin and chenille drop trimming.

In sateens there are some wafer designs in neutral tints on black ground, varying in size from a shilling to the circumference of an ordinary teacup.

In the centre of these large circles is a single pansy in shades of gray or mauve. As this design is very striking, the sateen would be judiciously made up with black or gray plain sateen, and thus form a stylish costume for morning wear.

Another new design is quaint in the extreme, having birds in neutral tints, touched up with dashes of mauve, clustered together in various positions on a shaded background.

Other sateens have detached flowers scattered over. These sateens measure between three-quarters and a yard in width.

Linen d'Alsace is a new summer dress material, very cool and light, with detached flowers, and in wide width.

It resembles a soft gingham or lawn, and is in several half-mourning colors. In costumes there is great variety.

One called the "Montpensier" is particularly worthy of note, as it can be worn for full day dress or for evening.

It is composed of silver gray satin, black lace, and black satin. The skirt is principally of satin, draped gracefully on one side, and cut open up the other, edged with lace turned back to show plaitings of gray satin, and balls of chenille and jet.

The sleeves are of lace, reaching below the elbow; and the bodice of black satin is cut, from the bust to the throat, in long points, connected by lace insertion.

The under bodice of gray satin shows through the points and lace sleeves, and is worn in the day, but can be removed for demi-toilette evening wear.

An evening dress of black satin rhadames is arranged with a fan-shaped train, removable at will.

The back has two deep kiltings, reaching from the basque bodice to the ground; and, when the train is attached, it takes the form of a third flounce.

In front a double cascade, ornamented with loops of black satin ribbon, is arranged of a new kind of white lace, called by some "Pompadour," but resembling raised Brussels point on a darned net ground.

The raised flowers are composed of the finest muslin. Panels of the same lace cover the sides of the skirt, and the satin bodice has a narrower width.

A simpler dress, for a young lady, has the bodice and train of striped grenadine, and the front covered with rows of tolerably deep lace, called modern Chantilly. For a day costume is the Fedora, which is made in cashmere or silk.

The front forms plaits, spreading fan-like from the waist downwards, the edge resting on a "pinked" ruche of gros grain.

The back is in the Princesse style, but the front of the bodice forms a point. A stylish little mantlet, combining a cape, caught up to the throat in front, with long wide mantle ends, edged with a full "pinked" ruche, completes the costume.

It is well suited to young ladies, and is made in black or shades of gray. Black, gray, cream, or white parasols have silk embroidered butterflies scattered over, with pearls worked into the wings.

Those near the ferule have closed wings, but the scattered ones have outspread ones. Lace will be much used on parasols, arranged to form a double fan in each division. On bonnets, there is a variety.

Black lace over cream satin, with a cream lace ruche beneath the black, and a cream feather aigrette to one side, is to be fashionable.

This style is called "The Lango," and is made in two sizes. Coarse linen, powdered with gold beads, forms the crown of one bonnet, while the front and strings are of black velvet, mixed with gold.

Gold lace is used on gray straw with good effect, and also introduced with black lace and chip, finished off with a cluster of glistening gold thistles.

The Dolman pelisse with full sleeves of ottoman silk, the skirt opening in front over velvet, and handsomely trimmed with chenille and jet, is becoming to elderly ladies, and can be worn with only a skirt beneath, if desired, as the front fits to the figure.

One style of mantle has a pocket in each scarf end in front, in one being a lace handkerchief.

The late spring has induced many to invest in cloth mantles, instead of changing at once from fur cloaks into silk visites.

The popular cloths are ottoman repped, of light quality, jersey cloth, and plaids of dark dull colors.

Green tan, brown, black and blue in plain cloths, and the same colors, combined with dark red and orange in the plaids, are general.

The trimmings are braid, passementerie, cord and tassels, guipure lace, velvet, chenille fringes, steel and shell buckles, and metal buttons.

The high sleeves to which we have become familiar in dresses are now seen on mantles, but it is a fashion that should be adopted with caution, as the fulness at the top of the shoulders, is not generally becoming.

The more dressy cloth mantles are visites of colored cloth made with high shoulder pieces.

They are ornamented with braids of cashmere coloring arranged in simple but effective designs as a bordering above the chenille fringe which matches the cloth in color.

These chenille fringes are elaborate: some have clusters of chenille strands of gray cashmere coloring, two or even three rows of such strands falling from the same heading; while the under rows are of rats' tail fringe, and the upper rows are of balls or tiny tassels. The effect is rich.

Steel bead passementerie on gold braid is a novel trimming, and applique on ottoman silk.

In black silk mantles, heavily corded ottoman, and satin brocade, with very large figures, take the lead for the present.

Visites, with high shoulders and very full at the back, and mantelets with cape backs and half long fronts, are the two popular forms, and both have strings underneath that tie round the waist, so as to make the back fall closely to the figure.

Fireside Chat.

PRACTICAL COOKERY.

A TALK about croquettes occupied the first half hour of the last public object lesson, at Miss Parloa's School of Cookery in New York.

Directions for making chicken croquettes have already been reported in this column. Lobster croquettes are made in much the same way.

When two tablespoonfuls of butter and half a tablespoonful of flour have been cooked together until they bubble, there should be added a scant half cupful of cream or water, the meat of a two pound lobster, chopped fine, and salt and pepper to suit the taste.

When these ingredients become hot, an egg, well beaten, should be added. The mixture should be cooled, and portions of it should be shaped like cylinders, dipped into beaten egg and cracker crumbs, and fried.

Sweet potato croquettes are an especially palatable sweet entree, Miss Parloa said. To make them she mixed together two cupfuls of cold boiled and grated sweet potato, three tablespoonfuls of melted butter, a teaspoonful of lemon juice, one-fourth of a cupful of cream, one and a half teaspoonfuls of salt, one-fourth of a teaspoonful of pepper, one teaspoonful of sugar and a slight grating of nutmeg.

The mixture was beaten until light and smooth. Portions of it were shaped in the same way as for lobster croquettes, rolled lightly in crumbs, then dipped into the beaten egg (two eggs were used), rolled once in crumbs, and fried a minute and a half in boiling fat.

Miss Parloa suggested that the croquettes may be served, if one choose, with a pint of thin cream, seasoned lightly with salt, pepper and nutmeg and heated just to the boiling point.

Several French chops were seasoned with pepper and salt, dipped in melted butter and rolled in fine bread crumbs, and broiled over a bright fire—not extremely bright, because the crumbs are easily set afire.

Potato balls—cut from cooked potatoes with a vegetable scoop and fried in washed butter or in chicken fat—may be served with these chops.

On this occasion, however, Miss Parloa pared a dozen potatoes of medium size and, after allowing them to stand in water for some minutes to freshen them, boiled them for a quarter of an hour.

She added a tablespoonful of salt and continued the boiling for fifteen minutes. Every drop of water was then poured off and the saucepan was shaken in a current of cold air.

The potatoes were mashed until fine and light, and to them were added a tablespoonful of butter and half a tablespoonful of salt.

After a good beating an addition was made of half a cupful of boiling milk. The potato was beaten like cake for a considerable time, and when served with the chops, or cutlets, it was delicate.

That homely vegetable, the carrot, can easily be prepared in a most toothsome way, as was soon shown.

Two large carrots were scraped and cut into dice, balls, and long, slender strips, and these were cooked for an hour in a kettle containing two quarts of water.

The water was then poured off, and the pieces of carrot were put into a saucepan together with half a cupful of white stock, one teaspoonful of sugar, one teaspoonful of salt, and a little pepper.

After ten minutes' simmering, a tablespoonful of butter was added, and the dish was allowed to boil up once. Most of it was served at once; part was put aside for awhile.

For peas *a la Francaise* Miss Parloa used a pan of French peas. They were heated and drained.

A tablespoonful of flour, twice as much butter and half a teaspoonful of sugar were stirred in a saucepan until thoroughly mixed.

The peas were added, and the stirring over the fire was continued for five minutes—when a cupful of cream was added.

The peas were simmering for ten minutes. Had they been fresh peas they would have boiled until tender instead of being simply heated through.

Upon the dish were heaped little groups of the fancifully-shaped pieces of carrot that had been reserved.

After this the audience first gave attention to the making of a royal diplomatic pudding.

Half a box of gelatine had been soaked an hour or more in half a cupful of cold water, and upon it was poured two-thirds of a pint of boiling water.

Half a pint of wine, the juice of a lemon and a cupful of sugar were added, and the mixture was stirred and strained.

Upon the table stood two moulds, one holding two quarts and the other half as much.

A layer of jelly was put into the larger mould, which was at once placed on ice. When the jelly became hard it was garnished with candied cherries cut in two. A few spoonfuls of the liquid jelly—which Miss Parloa was careful to ascertain was not hot—were poured into the mould to hold the cherries in position, and afterward enough more was poured in to cover them. When all the jelly had hardened, the smaller mould was set into the larger and the space between the sides of the two was filled with jelly.

Ice was packed into the small mould, and the large mould was set in a basin of ice-water.

When the last of the jelly had become solid the ice was removed from the small mould, and warm water took its place.

This made it easy to lift the mould from the jelly a moment later. The space left vacant was filled with a custard made of these materials:

Half a cupful of gelatine (previously soaked in half a cupful of cold water), half a cupful of sugar, the yolks of five eggs, two tablespoonfuls of wine, a scant cupful of milk, a teaspoonful of vanilla extract. The milk was boiled. To it were added the eggs and sugar, beaten together, and the gelatine.

The mixture was strained, and vanilla and wine were added. When the custard began to thicken, there was added half a pint of cream whipped to a stiff froth. The custard was poured into the vacant space mentioned and was allowed to stand until hard.

The pudding was then turned out of the mould and served with soft custard poured around it.

For this custard there were used the yolks of eight eggs and whites of two, a quart of milk, a scant half teaspoonful of sugar, half a teaspoonful of salt, and a teaspoonful of lemon extract.

The eggs and sugar having been beaten together, a cupful of the milk was added. The remainder was heated to the boiling point and poured upon the beaten mixture, which was at once put upon the stove in a double boiler.

The custard was stirred until it began to thicken—say about five minutes—and the salt was added.

The custard was set away to cool, and when it was cold the flavor was added. The audience was cautioned against lifting carelessly the smaller of the two moulds used in making the pudding.

Miss Parloa said it would be better to melt the jelly a trifle more in order to raise the mould easily than it would be to raise the mould quickly, and possibly jar the jelly so much as to mar the appearance of the dish.

She said, also, the space from which the smaller mould was taken must be filled slowly with the preparation designed for it.

Correspondence.

MAUD, (Newport, R. I.)—We advise you to consult your parents.

LAURA, (Camden, N. J.)— You should use you own judgment in the matter.

INQUIRER.—No reduction in rates on account of not taking premium. See page 5.

AMY, (Portage, O.)—Your uncle is right. There was a noted bishop whose name was Lucifer, who lived more than fifteen hundred years ago. He was the Bishop of Cagliara, Italy, and was an able and good man. Lucifer means "the light bringer."

SALLIE, (Philadelphia, Pa.)—The bride and groom, and their families, usually consult about the persons to be invited and agree upon the list. The invitations are sent out by the parents of the bride from two or three weeks or so previous to the day set for the wedding, according to the distance which the invited ones will have to come.

HISTORICUS, (Bedford, Pa.)—"Doomsday Book," the most ancient record in Europe, is the report and survey of nearly the whole of England, made by order of William I. It has been illustrated and published verbatim. The survey of the four northern counties is not contained in that record, but they are in another, called the "Boldon Book."

AFFLICTED, (Freeborn, Minn.) — We cannot recommend medical practitioners. It would obviously be a flagrant breach of propriety to do anything of the kind. There should however be no difficulty in obtaining the direction you desire as to the choice of a consultee. Ask your ordinary medical adviser to give you the name of the greatest authority on the subject of your malady.

NERVOUS, (Montcalm, Mich.)—It is impossible to surmise from what cause you are troubled with the cough and shortness of breath, and we will not take it upon us to advise you in so serious a matter as to whether you should seek another climate. If your own medical attendant will not give you any positive information on the nature of your complaint, you should employ another.

JANET, (Kensington, Pa.)—If the young gentlemen are reasonable and worth having, they will see the wisdom of your parents' course in wishing you and your sister to finish your education before taking the most important step of your lives: and if they cannot wait for you, and be faithful to you for three or four years, it would be a terrible risk to unite yourselves to them now for better or worse.

A. M. M., (Marshall, Kansas.)—A general course of historical reading should be the foundation. In addition to that you should read the biographies of the leading characters you see mentioned in the histories, and also the periodicals of the day. To improve your conversational powers you will have to engage in conversation whenever you have an opportunity. The art of conversing well can only be learned by practice.

O. P. M., (Ocean, N. J.)—Without a doubt you not merely may, but ought to forget your fears and sorrow. The course of the experience proves that it has not been of a lasting character. The mind has not lost its resilience, but, on the contrary, has shown its strength and vitality in throwing off the incubus. The recovery of sleep is in itself a token of health. The total effacement of the distressing impression will cease in good time if you leave the business of cure to nature, and simply live a happy and orderly life.

KATE, (Worcester, Mass.)—If a convenient opportunity presents itself, you should give the young man a chance to explain his remarks. It is very likely he has been misreported, and that he never meant to say anything disagreeable about you. While it is quite true that a man who tells a malicious untruth about anyone is inexpressibly mean, and does not deserve the acquaintance of any right-minded girl, still it is also true that a sensible person does not give much attention to what ill-natured people may possibly be saying about them—behind their backs.

READER, (Morgan, Va.)—

"The daughter of the gods, divinely tall,
And most divinely fair,"

was Helen of Sparta and of Troy. All the lords of Greece sailed over the seas to bring her back to Troy, or to leave their bones under the city walls. The siege lasted ten years: many of the bravest Greeks and Trojans fell; and, in the end, the proud city was sacked and burnt, and Helen was taken back to Sparta. The second lady was Iphigenia, and "the sad place" was Aulis. On the expedition against Troy the Grecian fleet was detained by contrary winds at that place, and the priests said that only the death of Iphigenia, the virgin daughter of Agamemnon, the leader of the Greeks, could appease the angry gods. So Iphigenia was sacrificed, and the fleet sailed. More poetry has been written about

"Heaven-born Helen, Sparta's queen,"

than about any other woman since the world began, and innumerable poets, from Euripides to Goethe, Landor and Rossetti in our own time, have written of the sacrifice of Iphigenia on the strand at Aulis.

"SPES," (Philadelphia, Pa.)— Without knowing the particular "young lady" intimately, it would be impossible to recommend particular books for self-culture. Some ladies require more or less than others, and in altogether different directions. A thorough knowledge of the person's tendencies, state of life, foibles, and excellences would be required before any appropriate suggestions should be given. Consequently we could only recommend general classes, leaving it to the lady's taste and knowledge of herself to make a choice. A good rule to follow in all reading is to take what cultivates the heart. If that which the world calls the best does not do this for the reader, it were better left alone. If you are conscious of points upon which you need culture, ask some candid friends to recommend what they deem most admirable. 2. We do not claim infallibity in judging of character by hand-writing, but only make a guess. We may be right or we may be wrong. Yours would indicate a high conception of your own value and attainments, coupled with as yet imperfectly developed character. You have a tendency to style and flourish in your sayings and doings. You are disposed to be a trifle careless in many things, and are far from being strong-minded. You have considerable self-possession, but are also susceptible to flattery on account of either beauty or accomplishments. In love you would not be strongly emotional or enthusiastic. You are disposed to be saving in small matters. Altogether you are more of a practical than a romantic character.